

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2552.—VOL. XCII.

SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1888.

TWO SIXPENCE.
WHOLE SHEETS } BY POST, 6½D.



THE NEW GERMAN EMPRESS, VICTORIA, QUEEN OF PRUSSIA, PRINCESS ROYAL OF GREAT BRITAIN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. W. AND D. DOWNEY.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Among the many things which "no fellow can understand," who is not himself an expert in the art, perhaps that of "blindfold chess" is the most inexplicable. To play chess at all is difficult to some people, and unless I have a Queen given me (some "give a pawn," I see, and doubtless think it liberality) I can never make much of a fight of it myself; but to play without seeing the board at all, throws, to my mind, the sister arts of making bricks without straw, or cucumbers out of sunbeams, quite into the shade. Yet most good chessplayers can do it. "I can only play two games without seeing the board," said a friend to me, the other day, modestly. "Two is a very small number," I replied, with the air of a man who plays chess as well as he does everything else; and he admitted it with a sigh. But a star has now arisen in the chequered firmament who plays thirty-seven games blindfold, and only loses two of them! Chess is certainly a science which has made immense progress. The origin of the game is lost in the mists of antiquity, and yet so late as 1266 a great fuss was made about one Buzecca, a Saracen, at Florence, because he could play "at one time on three chess boards with the most skilful masters, two by the memory and the third by sight." Every chess club in London has now at least one Buzecca. Morphy played sixteen games at a time. On one occasion a friend of mine, an amateur, was sitting by one of the antagonists. After the latter had made a certain move, my friend said, "If I had been you, I should have played the Bishop." In due time—i.e., after some hours—the player made another move. "You can't do that," cried Morphy, from the inner room, "it puts your King in check." "No, it doesn't," said the player; but he was wrong. My friend had moved the Bishop to illustrate his argument and forgotten to put it back again. The seeing man sat corrected by the blind one.

Chess is full of historical associations. Al Amin the great Khalif of Bagdad was so fond of it that when told that his city was being carried by assault he cried "Let me alone, for I see checkmate against Kuthar." Charles I. continued his game when the news was brought to him that the Scotch were going to sell him to England. John Frederic, Elector of Saxony, did the like with his fellow-prisoner, the Elector of Brunswick, when informed that sentence of death had been passed on him. Chessplayers seem, as a rule, to be cool people. On the other hand Fernand, Count of Flanders, and his wife used to quarrel over chess so violently "that it engendered a mutual hatred" between them, and when he was taken prisoner she remembered his behaviour at the unsocial board and took no steps to release him. Don John of Austria and the Duke of Weimar were so devoted to the game that each had a room in his palace with a pavement of black and white marble, where living men, in fancy costumes, went through the moves at the word of command. I should like to have seen the Knights move. Though the game of chess has been associated with so much that is interesting there is nothing, perhaps, connected with it more admirable than the metaphor for poor humanity it suggested to Omar Khayyam:

We are no other than a moving row
* * * * *
But helpless pieces of the game He plays
Upon His chequer-board of nights and days;
Hither and thither moves and checks and slays,
And one by one back in the Closet lays.

From the most taciturn of civilised nations we are rapidly becoming the most loquacious, and have been reproved for it by a Minister from the United States. Dispraise from Sir Hubert Stanley is dispraise indeed. "There is a great deal too much platform oratory amongst us," he says; and he ought to know. I suppose it comes from the immense increase of debating societies, which teach the young idea how to shoot with the long bow. But prolixity has always been the bane of our House of Commons. An English King, who had his lucid intervals, once observed: "The rage for public speaking, and the extravagant length to which our popular orators carry their harangues in Parliament, is very detrimental to the national business. I only hope it may not prove injurious to the public weal." It is now proposed that twenty minutes should be the limit to all Parliamentary speeches, with certain necessary exceptions. If a man cannot express his ideas in twenty minutes, he must, indeed, be very full of ideas; but some people talk for talking's sake. Would it be irreverent—if it is a breach of privilege involving fine or imprisonment I withdraw the suggestion—to propose that every hon. member, while on his legs, should smoke? In Scotland, Sir Walter tells us that "abuse the pass" it used to be permitted (at all events, for "the factor") to smoke in church. My experience of smokers is that they only speak when they have really something to say, and don't speak long, because they have not much breath to spare. The end of his cigar would be a reasonable limit of time for the Parliamentary orator. If he was very popular he might be allowed a second. The Scotch divines, who preached by the hour-glass, used to say (doubtless to the terror of their congregation), "And now, my beloved brethren, we will take another glass." But it would be a different thing, and very complimentary, if the proposal came from the audience—"Hear, hear! Take another cigar."

Mr. Goschen tells us as a curious psychological fact that no "conscience money" for income tax has ever been paid by a woman. It may be replied, of course, that women are so honest that they never need to pay "conscience money"; but I am afraid this is not the case. It is quite true that women as a rule are less scrupulous about money matters than men; they think nothing of robbing a railway company (by representing their children as under age) or of smuggling Tauchnitz editions through the Custom House. The cabmen, too, complain of them. "A shilling! It's always a shilling; I believe as you women think you can go to heaven for a shilling!" is a remark I once heard made by a Jehu to his female fare. But there is, if we males would confess the

truth, no little cause for this "parsimony" of the weaker sex. Many a man, who objects to be called a "scaly varmint" by the driver of his hansom, keeps his spouse so short of money that she really has not an extra sixpence to give the man. He is lavish to hotel waiters, to railway porters, and the commissionaire of his club to secure their good opinion and his own comfort; but he grudges the wife of his bosom half-a-crown for miscellaneous expenses, and grumbles at the least excess in her weekly bills. She looks at a shilling twice before she parts with it—poor thing!—because she has such few shillings; and what is a very bitter reflection to her is the knowledge that her husband (unless he is an actual miser) never shows this side of his character to other women.

It is often said that the English novelist is heavily handicapped in his rivalry with the French one, because he has to be respectable, and to avoid those indelicate but attractive subjects which, almost without exception, supply the plots of story-tellers across the Channel. This unfair advantage, it is true, to judge by certain productions of our countrymen (and women), seems in process of being redressed, but it still exists. On the other hand, the British novelist has had Courtship to work upon, which is unknown in France, and until lately has possessed the monopoly of Divorce—a great convenience in fact, but even more so in fiction. But now and again an opportunity for decent story-telling arises in France, which we who pursue that trade at home sigh after in vain. I am waiting with interest to see which of our Parisian romancers will be the first to make use of the sham nuns and their false convent—which I most sincerely wish had been located in Bayswater, instead of Paris. Such an opportunity has surely never before been offered to those who "make the thing that is not as the thing that is"—the storytellers—as by these enterprising ladies. Fancy a Mother Superior (Sister St. Adalbert) and her artful assistant (Sister Thérèse) starting a "religious house" on their own account, without capital—not even so much as one half-penny-worth of religion between them. They knew all about the details, however, because they had the advantage of having been in a convent themselves, from which they had both been expelled. They captured one old lady with money, on whom they inflicted "penance," not for the good of her soul, as she thought, but to accelerate its departure, that they might get her money; and filled their house with no less than forty-six young persons vowed to Heaven, whom they worked like slaves at their needle, "doing a large trade with the leading linendrapers." If audacity and originality merit success, they certainly deserved it; and they achieved it. The Mother Superior did not insist on quite so many "devotional exercises" as usual—*Laborare est orare* was her motto—but she brought up her nuns on the proper conventional pattern, save in one thing. Though there was less prayer, there was more fasting than is usual; and the parents of the novices (not very religious people themselves, I fear, or they would have patiently put up with it) complained of this to the police. It is all over now; but while it lasted—what dramatic situations! what wasted ecstasies! whatawning suspensions! It makes the poor British novelist's mouth water.

"Music, poetry, and the fine arts" are generally (so to speak) lumped together, like reading, writing, and arithmetic; but the goings on of those who cultivate these gifts professionally are very different. Did poet or painter, for example, ever have a "chirrupper" in their employment? The players and singers in music-halls cannot, it seems, do without him. It is his genial office when the gentleman in faultless evening attire, leads the lady, who holds the music, with no superfluous modesty, before her song-filled bosom, on to the stage, to inaugurate the applause. The amount of it, he judiciously regulates by the sum paid for his services; on some occasions the quotation falls so low as twopence, but it is always supplemented by a glass of hot brandy-and-water gratis, which doubtless stimulates his exertions. One can scarcely, however, expect "a hurricane of applause" for twopence. The Great Jenkins in his "Inimitable Masher Melody," without doubt, gives silver for this encouragement; but even if it be gold, what a pleasant and convenient arrangement it must be! There is something cheerful and natural—"the true bird note"—in the very name of the chirrupper. Is it impossible to introduce him to literature? He would be a great improvement on the clumsy device of log-rolling; which is also (as I am informed) dearer. It is always risky to change one's profession late in life; and, alas! I have neither voice nor ear; but to be a popular music-hall singer, with his brougham and his chirrupper, must be a most "golluptious" life.

The unfortunate "Mrs. Baillie," of Crofton celebrity, has been making such a noise in the world of late that one would have supposed there had never been a successful impostor before. She has taken in a Scotch professor, it is true, a feat that is not accomplished by everybody; but the charitable world is as easy game for such folk to snare as a tame rabbit, nor is it altogether contrary to experience to make hay of the journalists. I've been made a fool of myself, scores of times. Moreover, the lady was young and pretty, which gave her a great advantage; it is charming to read how, even now, her victims of the other sex are "half inclined to believe," though she put the money collected for the poor people into her own pocket, that she "somehow meant well." They say "they don't know what it is that still makes them think she was not altogether a deceiver"; but I know.

That Mrs. Baillie humbugged so many people for years is, of course, remarkable, but there have been much more successful (though less long-lived) impostors. The greatest of the race flourished in this country about a hundred and fifty years ago. He wrote the "History of Formosa," the country from which he came, with an account of its grammar, its peculiar chronology (it had twenty months to the year), and its Hebraic method of writing from right to left. He was baptised by the

Bishop of London, who received him in his own house, and whom he greatly scandalised by subsisting on raw flesh, roots, and herbs, as had been his insular practice. He rewarded his Lordship's hospitality by translating the Church Catechism into the Formosan tongue, and was for many months the leading topic at all the London Missionary meetings. He was sent to Oxford, and educated in the faith, that he might presently go forth and teach it to his benighted fellow-countrymen. And after all he was a Frenchman. The Formosa he was so conversant with had no existence, but having heard the Jesuits speak of China and Japan he drew upon his imagination for it with the happiest results. What seems more strange than all, his imposture was forgiven him. Dr. Johnson, we read, "had a profound respect for him," and he maintained himself to extreme old age and very creditably by his pen, chiefly in connection with the "Universal History." I wonder what he wrote in it? It must have been a tremendous temptation to him to revisit the realms of Romance. His Formosan name was "Psalmazan," to which the Bishop prefixed "George."

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO ITALY.

Her Majesty the Queen and Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg leave Windsor Castle on Tuesday, March 20, for Italy. The suite will consist of Lady Churchill, General Sir H. F. Ponsonby, the Hon. Harriet Phipps, Major Bigge, and Dr. Reid. The Queen proceeds by South-Western train to Portsmouth, and, after sleeping on board the Victoria and Albert, crosses the Channel on Wednesday morning, March 21, to Cherbourg, and travels thence, via Paris, to Florence, where the Court will stay about three weeks.

ART EXHIBITIONS.

At the Royal Society of British Artists (Suffolk-street, Pall-mall) is to be found a number of pictures, sketches, &c., contributed by various artists to help the managers of the Sweny Fund in their praiseworthy efforts. Mr. H. Willoughby Sweny, known as a writer upon art topics under the title of "Mahlstick," was attacked one night last October in the street, and was so seriously injured that he never recovered consciousness. He died leaving a widow and six young children. His life had been one constant struggle to support his family, and he did his best; but when the bread-winner was thus suddenly taken away, there was no longer bread for the family. His art-friends, many of whom he had candidly criticised, have now come forward to raise a sum sufficient to tide over temporary difficulties, and it is to be hoped that the public may be induced to second their efforts. Amongst the collection of pictures, &c., now exhibited—of which the proceeds go to the Sweny Fund—are works by Sir F. Leighton, Sir J. D. Linton, Mr. J. M. Whistler, Mr. Carl Haag, Mr. F. Goodall, Mr. Seymour Lucas, Mr. W. L. Wyllie, Mr. Fulleylove, Mr. Jacomb Hood, Miss H. Montalba, and hosts of others. All tastes and all pockets have been consulted, and are appealed to.

At Messrs. Dowdeswell's Gallery (160, New Bond-street), a series of water colour drawings "Around London" reveals many picturesque spots of easy access to Londoners. Mr. F. G. Cotman, the artist, bears a name on which his ancestor has thrown lustre; whilst his own work at the Institute and elsewhere has frequently attracted favourable notice. The traces of the "Norwich School," to which by heredity he is attached, reveal themselves in such works as "A Homestead, Kingsbury" (11), the "Distant View of Harrow-on-the-Hill" (3), and the view of the "Main Street of Pinner" (37). At other times Mr. Cotman shows the influence of French art upon our native artists, as in the open sunny view of "Rainham Street" (22), and the grey trees of "Thorney Weir" (14), and the "Evening Mist" (6), near West Drayton. The banks of the Colne, Stanmore and Ruislip, furnish Mr. Cotman with many picturesque spots; and occasionally he goes further afield—to Blakeney, Cley, and East Grinstead, in each of which he finds congenial subjects.

The small collection of sketches by Mr. Aumonier exhibited at the Sign of the Rembrandt Head (Vigo-street) will scarcely add to the artist's reputation. Mr. Aumonier has won his spurs as a careful painstaking artist, and his appearance as an impressionist does not lead us to infer that he has much sympathy with his new rôle. Such works as "Breeding Church" (25), "By the Wayside" (31), and others, suggest that the artist, seizing only what is subsidiary in the landscape, transfers it to his canvas as a leading feature or incident. The two attempts at "Sunrise at Newlyn" (12) and "Over Mount's Bay" (13) suggest more, but they, like the majority of the works, fail from the frequent cause of failure—the artist's indifference to render truthfully what he had before his eyes.

The Earl of Zetland has returned 20, and Lord Derwent 15, per cent of their last half-year's rent, to the tenant farmers on their respective estates in Yorkshire.

Mr. A. Braxton Hicks, barrister-at-law, and Coroner for the Kingston Division of Surrey, has been appointed Deputy-Coroner for the city of London and borough of Southwark.

The eleventh annual assault-at-arms of the London Scottish Rifle Volunteers at their head-quarters will take place on March 23.

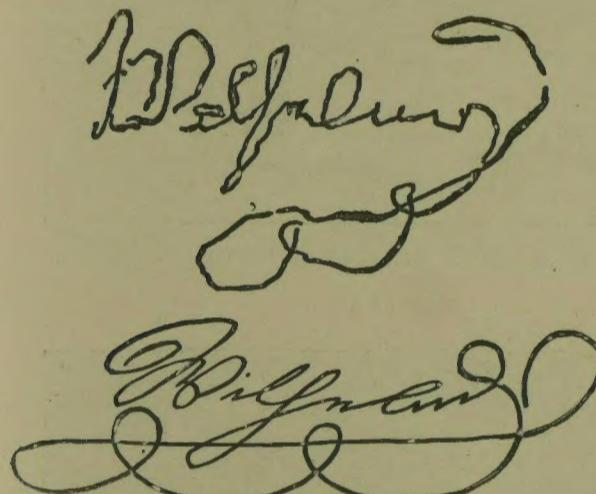
A furious south-westerly gale blew in London on Sunday, March 11, and caused considerable damage to property in the southern portion of the metropolis, as well as in Kent and Surrey. From various parts of the coast accounts have been received of damage done by the storm.

The grand jury for the county of Cork have awarded £1000 as compensation for the injuries sustained by Constable Leahy at Mitchelstown on Sept. 19 while in the discharge of his duties. Leahy was found lying in the street badly injured, having been kicked and beaten by the crowd. He was one of the witnesses examined in the case of Mr. O'Brien, and it was alleged that this caused him to be marked out particularly for attack.

The Queen has forwarded, through Sir Henry Ponsonby, her annual subscription of £50 to the Royal National Life-Boat Institution, of which she is the patroness.—Mr. Richard Benyon, of Englefield Park, near Reading, has just given a donation of £500 to the funds of the Royal Berkshire Hospital, of which institution he is president.—The Court of Common Council have voted £1000 to the City and Guilds of London Institute; £52 10s. to the Billingsgate Mission; £105 to the restoration fund of St. Peter's, Saffron-hill; £52 10s. to the Invalid Asylum, Stoke Newington; £105 to the 2nd City Volunteers Drill-ground Fund; £26 6s. to the Parkes Museum; £105 to the Boys' Farm Home, East Barnet; and £26 5s. to the Camberwell Mission and Ragged School.—The Salters' Company have sent £50 to the Irish Distressed Ladies' Fund, 22, Charing-cross.—The Clothworkers' Company have given ten guineas to the General Domestic Servants' Benevolent Institution.

THE LATE GERMAN EMPEROR AND HIS SUCCESSOR.

The topic which has engrossed public attention this week, in England and in foreign countries, is the death, on Friday morning, March 9, of the aged King William I. of Prussia, German Emperor, whose ninetieth birthday was celebrated, on March 22 last year, with the honours due to his illustrious position, his firm and steadfast character, and his commanding part in the grandest events of modern European history. A Portrait of his Imperial Majesty, accompanied by an historical memoir of those events, with some illustrations of his home life at Berlin, is presented to our readers, and may be placed along with the contents of the Special Supplements which we issued last year, comprising a series of Engravings designed to illustrate the most striking incidents of his long and memorable career, as Prince of Prussia, Prince Regent, and King; as a great and victorious military commander, and as the founder of the New German Empire. We shall receive from our Special Artist, Mr. William Simpson, ample materials for illustrations of the scenes that are now witnessed in the Prussian capital, where the mortal remains of the venerable Emperor, after lying in State at the Domkirche or Cathedral since Monday, were finally consigned, at noon on Friday, to their tomb in the Royal Mausoleum at Charlottenburg. In writing to us, with the sketches now published, our Artist describes Berlin as "a City in Mourning"; the streets all draped in black, with long pieces of black cloth hanging from the windows, black flags overhead, and black drapery in the shops of various kinds; the people in mourning attire, and many persons selling to the passers-by the funereal garlands, wreaths, and bouquets of appropriate flowers, intended to denote sympathy with the public regret. The scenes outside the Royal Palace on the Friday morning, about nine o'clock, when the death of the Emperor was announced, and at the offices of the Ministry of State, where a bulletin was affixed notifying that solemn event, are represented in Sketches which we received from a Berlin correspondent. He supplies that of the Prussian Generals, at the Palace, coming to take a farewell look at the face of their renowned Commander and august Sovereign, lying in the stillness of death on the bed where he had recently expired; and that of the Royal Prussian Guards at their barracks, drawn up in strict array, receiving from an officer the announcement of a loss which every soldier in that loyal and brave army will have felt to the bottom of his heart; for the Emperor William, above all, was a Soldier King. The facsimile of his Majesty's autograph will be examined with some interest.



The image shows two distinct cursive signatures of King William I. The top signature is "William" and the bottom one is "Bismarck".

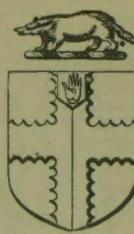
AUTOGRAPH OF THE LATE GERMAN EMPEROR, WILLIAM I.

The new Emperor, Frederick III., King of Prussia, whom we have long known and esteemed as the Imperial Crown Prince Frederick William, the husband of our Queen's eldest daughter, Victoria, Princess Royal of Great Britain, is personally so endeared to the thoughts of the English people, above all other foreign Princes, that we almost hold him one of our own; while the affection with which he is deservedly regarded has latterly been touched with compassionate anxiety for the continuance of a life, invaluable to all Europe, still rendered precarious by a singularly insidious disease, relieved but not yet cured by an extraordinary surgical operation. We shall, in our next publication, give a Portrait and Memoir of his Imperial and Royal Majesty, whose virtues are universally recognised. He, having on Friday, at San Remo, received by telegraph from Berlin the mournful news of his father's death, replied that he would come at once; and on Saturday morning, with the Empress his wife and their children, attended by Sir Morell Mackenzie, his English medical adviser, he left San Remo, travelling night and day, by way of Genoa, Milan, the Brenner Alpine Pass, Innsprück, Munich, and Leipsic, arriving at Berlin on Sunday night after eleven o'clock. King Humbert of Italy, with Signor Crispi, the Italian Prime Minister, met his Imperial Majesty at the San Pier d'Arena Station, at Genoa, and greeted him most affectionately. The train reached Innsprück at five o'clock on Sunday morning. At Munich, about half-past eight, their Majesties were met by the Queen-Mother of Bavaria; and at Leipsic, in Saxony, at half-past six in the evening, by Prince Bismarck and all the other Prussian Ministers, who accompanied the Imperial party to Berlin. The Emperor and Empress alighted at the Western Railway Station, near Charlottenburg, and drove to the Palace there, which is three miles from the city. We are happy to learn that this long and rapid journey, in very inclement weather, did not, apparently, cause any bad effects. The Emperor walked up-stairs, on entering the palace, with a firm step and upright carriage, and presently sat down at his writing-table, and worked till an hour after midnight; then slept very soundly, rose at eight o'clock, and worked all day on Monday. He did not go out, being advised to deny himself the sad privilege of viewing the dead, but the Empress and her son, the Crown Prince William, visited the Domkirche, where the late Emperor was lying in State. His Majesty has issued a proclamation to his people, dated Berlin, March 12, and has written a letter to Prince Bismarck, declaring his intention to carry on the work begun by his father, "to make Germany a stronghold of peace, and, in accord with the Federal Government, as well as the constitutional bodies of the Empire and of Prussia, to promote the welfare of the German Empire."

Messages of condolence from all the Sovereigns and Governments of Europe were sent to the Court of Berlin; and they are fully represented at the funeral, in most instances, by the Heirs-Apparent to the Thrones, amongst whom are the Prince of Wales, the Czarevitch, and the Crown Prince Rudolf of Austria; but our account of the ceremonies will be published next week.

OBITUARY.

SIR RICHARD BROOKE, BART.



Sir Richard Brooke, seventh Baronet, of Norton Priory, in the county of Chester, J.P. and D.L., died on March 3. He was born Dec. 13, 1814, the eldest son of Sir Richard Brooke, sixth Baronet, by Harriot, his wife, daughter of Sir Foster Cunliffe, Bart., of Acton Park, and received his education at Eton. He was formerly in the 1st Life Guards, and succeeded to the baronetcy at the death of his father in 1865. He married, first, in 1848, Lady Louisa Duff, sister of the fifth Earl Fife; and secondly, in 1871, Henrietta Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Harry Mainwaring, Bart. His eldest son, by his first wife (who died in 1864), is now Sir Richard Marcus Brooke, eighth Baronet, born in 1850, and married, in 1883, to Alice, daughter of Mr. John S. Crawley, of Stockwood. The family of Brooke of Norton is of great antiquity; the baronetcy dates from 1662.

SIR FREDERICK GRAHAM, BART.



Sir Frederick Ulric Graham, third Baronet, of Netherby, Cumberland, died on March 8, at 40, Park-lane, aged sixty-seven. He was eldest son of the distinguished statesman, the late Right Hon. Sir James Graham, Bart., G.C.B., by Fanny, his wife, daughter of Colonel Callander, of Craighorth. He was in early life in the 1st Life Guards, and subsequently an Attaché to the Embassy at Vienna. He succeeded his father, Oct. 25, 1861, and served as High Sheriff of Cumberland in 1866. He married, Oct. 26, 1852, Lady Jane Hermione St. Maur, eldest daughter of the twelfth Duke of Somerset, K.G., and has issue. The eldest son, now Sir Richard James Graham, fourth Baronet, formerly in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, was born Feb. 24, 1859; and the eldest daughter, Violet Hermione, is Duchess of Montrose.

MR. JOHNSTONE, OF ALVA.

Mr. James Johnstone, of Alva, in the county of Clackmannan, and of Hangingshaw, in the county of Selkirk, J.P. and D.L., M.P. for the counties of Clackmannan and Kinross from 1851 to 1857, died, at The Hangingshaw, on Feb. 24. He was born in 1801, the eldest son of Mr. James Raymond Johnstone, of Alva, and grandson of John Johnstone (a younger son of Sir James Johnstone, third Baronet, of Westerhall), who commanded the artillery at the Battle of Plassey, and after his return from India purchased the estates of Alva, &c. Mr. Johnstone, whose death we record, married, first, in 1846, the Hon. Augusta Anne Norton, sister of Lord Grantley; and secondly, in 1862, Sarah Mary, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel L'Estrange, of Moystown, and leaves issue by each wife.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Lady Watkin, wife of Sir Edward Watkin, Bart., M.P., of Rose Hill, Northenden, on March 8, aged sixty-five.

The Rev. John Graves, M.A., Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the Queen, on March 4, in his fifty-seventh year.

Lieutenant-Colonel James Metcalfe, C.B., late Bengal Army, of Aston House, Stevenage, Herts, on March 8, aged seventy.

General Richard Hamilton, C.B., on March 1, at Nethway, Torquay, in his seventy-eighth year; he had medals and clasps for the Burmese War and the Indian Mutiny.

Mr. Horace Stebbing Roscoe St. John, an Oriental scholar, author of "A History of British Conquests in India," "A Life of Columbus," and other works, on Feb. 29, at Anerley, Surrey, aged fifty-six.

Maria, Lady Richardson-Bunbury, wife of the Rev. Sir John Richardson-Bunbury, Bart., and daughter of Mr. William Anketell, of Anketell Grove, in the county of Monaghan, on March 2, at Catherine-place, Bath, aged seventy-three.

The Rev. Frederick Heathcote Sutton, M.A., eighth son of Sir Richard Sutton, second Baronet, of Norwood Park, in the county of Nottingham, in his fifty-fifth year. He was Rector of Brant Broughton, Newark, and Hon. Canon of Lincoln Cathedral. A great authority on ecclesiastical art.

The Landseer scholarships at the Royal Academy Schools, value of £80, have been awarded to Percy Short, in painting, and Thomas Richard Essex, in sculpture.

The Kerry grand jury have voted a five per cent county guarantee for the extension, fourteen miles long, to Tarbert, of the Listowel and Ballybunion single rail line.

At the last moment, Miss Sophie Eyre was unable to undertake, through illness, the responsibility of a season at Drury-Lane; so Mr. Augustus Harris will revive at Easter the capital drama "Run of Luck," and he has secured an admirable cast.

The old "Hunchback" is to come out of his well-deserved retirement at the bidding of Miss Fortescue, who, like so many actresses, is enamoured of Julia.

The Queen's Westminster regimental ball, which was to have taken place on March 16, has, in consequence of the funeral on that day of his Majesty the Emperor of Germany, been postponed to Friday, April 6.

In connection with the Berkshire Archeological and Architectural Society, Mr. W. R. Davies, of Wallingford, has consented to exhibit and describe his complete series of milled coins (dating from Charles I. to Queen Victoria), in the Lecture Room, The Athenaeum, Friar-street, Reading, on Monday, March 19. The public are invited to attend. Members possessing coins and desiring a reliable opinion on them may obtain it at this meeting, as Mr. Davies has offered to give information about any English coin that may be submitted to him.

The judges of the Arnold prize essay at Oxford University have reported to the Vice-Chancellor that they have found that the best essay sent in by the candidates is one numbered 1, having a motto beginning "Domine quousque," but they are informed that the gentleman is disqualified, not having taken his degree. They therefore recommend for prize the writer of the second best essay, No. 4, Mr. C. L. Kingsford, B.A., late scholar St. John's College.—The Rev. William Edward Sherwood, M.A., has been elected Master of Magdalen College School.

The usual weekly entertainment at Brompton Hospital on Tuesday, March 13, was a most successful one, and included the brilliant singing of Miss Beata Francis and the charming vocalism of Miss Alice Gomes, whose delivery of "Home, Sweet Home" was well-nigh perfect. Signor Mhane, Signor Villa, Mr. Buck (flute), with Mr. Churchill Sibley and Mr. Claude Trevor, as conductors, also lent valuable aid. The second part was given by the "White Family," with Miss Inez Basanta; and the whole performance, in which there were many encores, gave immense pleasure to the audience.—The previous week's programme was provided by the Hon. and Rev. F. Byng, and afforded much gratification to the patients, there being several encores, notably "The Singing Quadrille," by young children, which was very prettily sung and danced.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

It was the lot of the First Lord of the Treasury on the Ninth of March to confirm in Parliament the sad tidings of the Emperor William's death, and to give earnest expression to the national feeling when he truly said "the House and the country will join in the sorrow which has afflicted the whole people of Germany, our allies and our friends." Some surprise was naturally occasioned at the silence of the Marquis of Salisbury on the matter in the House of Lords, though it was known that the noble Marquis, as Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary, had dispatched messages of sympathy to the Crown Prince and Prince Bismarck. Had that master of phrases, the late Lord Beaconsfield, been yet amongst us, the mournful event which has overshadowed Europe would to a certainty have received ampler notice in Parliament.

Her Majesty's Government are considered to have greatly strengthened their position since Mr. Goschen made his notable speech on the National Debt in the Commons on the Ninth of March. Undoubtedly, Lord Randolph Churchill has curled himself into smaller compass in his corner seat behind Ministers, and his looks seemed, as he sedulously stroked his moustache, to express regret that he had the unwisdom to surrender the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer into such capable hands. Mr. Courtney having taken his seat as Chairman of Committees, Mr. Goschen lucidly explained his plan of conversion. Manipulating millions as dexterously as a conjuror twirls balls or spins plates, Mr. Goschen calmly said he proposed to deal with the "New Threes," £166,000,000; "Reduced," £69,000,000; and "Consols," £323,000,000; the right hon. gentleman summing up his proposals by saying:—

We have therefore accepted the principle of Two-and-Three-Quarters per Cent Stock descending automatically to Two-and-a-Half; and, after the most careful examination of the prices, representing the credit of the State, of the Local Loans Stock, of the Two-and-a-Half, the Two-and-Three-Quarters, and of the Three per Cent Stock, we have thought that a middle term, that would at once secure equity to the State and to the fundholders, would be to give a term of fifteen years at 2½, descending automatically to 2½ for twenty years. . . . We propose to make this further modification—that instead of the New Threes continuing a half-year at their present interest of 3 per cent, we shall give them one year at 3 per cent and fourteen years at 2½.

Mr. Goschen reckoned, in conclusion, and his figures elicited cheers, that—

If the "New Threes" are converted, there will arise an advantage to the revenue from April, 1889, of £410,000 a year; and from April, 1903, of £820,000; but if the conversion should be thoroughly successful, if Consols and Reduced should come in, if our hopes in that respect be realised, then from April, 1889, there would in round figures be a saving of £1,400,000, and after fourteen years more a saving of £2,800,000.

Mr. Gladstone's courteous compliments were, indubitably, especially grateful to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, whose promising Budget is to be unfolded on March the Twenty-sixth.

Mr. Labouchere's lively philippic against the principle of an hereditary House of Lords, delivered in the Commons on the same night as Mr. Goschen's financial statement, appears only to have acted as a soporific on noble Lords, whose tendency to somnolence has indubitably increased so far as to affect even the most conspicuous and ordinarily most vigilant member of the hushed Chamber. Mr. Labouchere's pleasant mode of speech, always agreeable to listen to by reason of the sparkle of wit and humour as well as the hon. member's commendable distinctness of utterance, seemed to be particularly welcome on this occasion to his brother Radicals and the Parnellite members, who cheered and laughed at his ridicule of the elevation of a Bass and a Guinness to the Peerage. The motion of the senior member for Northampton was the more important inasmuch as the approval of Sir William Harcourt and Mr. John Morley signified that the Gladstonian wing of the Liberal Party joins in condemning the hereditary principle in a Legislature. The Marquis of Hartington was, of course, aghast at this, though the noble Lord still retains his corner seat on the front Opposition bench. Mr. Smith resisted the resolution on Constitutional grounds; but the Government majority was comparatively small. There were 162 votes for Mr. Labouchere's motion and 223 against it—a majority of 61 only. Taken in connection with the manifest desire of Lord Rosebery and the Earl of Dunraven to reform the House of Lords, this division is a significant sign of the times.

In the Upper Chamber itself, the Earl of Rosebery, on Monday, noticeably betrayed an inclination to take a more active part as Leader of the Opposition in the absence of Earl Granville. The sleepiness engendered by Earl De La Warr's prosy, prolix, and depressing sermon on "the depressed condition of agricultural and other industries" did not spread to the front Opposition bench. The Ministerial Homer was caught nodding; but Lord Rosebery held earnest consultation with active Lord Herschell, and did not conceal his wish that a less dull state of things might be brought about in the House of Lords. Albeit Lord Salisbury roused himself at this sitting to put his foot down firmly on the attempt to revive "Protection," roundly declaring "It is a remedy which I am convinced Parliament will never accede to," it happened that the very next day his Lordship lost control of the majority on this very point. In Committee on the Railway and Canal Traffic Bill, the Earl of Jersey's amendment to prohibit railway companies from carrying foreign goods at lower rates than English, was sanctioned by a majority of six. But the Commons will assuredly strike out this needless regulation, the only effect of which would be to cause the goods to be conveyed to London in ships.

Lord Randolph Churchill and Lord Charles Beresford are palpably thorns in the side, or rear, of Ministers in the Lower House. Whilst Lord Randolph, in his stern resolve to bring about economy as well as efficiency in the administration of the services, poured a stronger broadside into Mr. Edward Stanhope, the Secretary for War, than the right hon. gentleman could return. Lord Charles Beresford—the Condor of the House—did his best to rake his late chief "fore and aft." The smart and gallant naval Captain did, on Monday, undeniably bring forward fresh proofs of the urgent necessity of the Commission of Inquiry the Government have agreed to grant into our naval and military systems; but Lord George Hamilton was not unsuccessful in vindicating his action on the particular point which caused Lord Charles Beresford to resign his post at the Admiralty. Speaking from the third bench behind Ministers, in the voice of a fog signal, Lord Charles Beresford hoarsely weighed against civilian misrule at the Admiralty, Sir Richard Temple meantime emulating the "sleeping beauty" as his head drooped in peaceful slumber, whilst Lord Randolph Churchill momentarily ceased from twiddling his moustache, and looked up approvingly when his fellow-crusader vivaciously insisted on the need of giving "experts" pre-eminence in the direction of the Navy. Rear-Admiral Richard Mayne, not unnaturally, coincided with the views of Lord Charles Beresford; but Lord George Hamilton was not to be deterred from defending the old system of ruling "the Queen's Navee," as Mr. W. S. Gilbert wittily expresses it in "H.M.S. Pinafore." The House is at present, however, on the tenter-hooks of suspense as to the scope of the Local Government Bill, which Mr. Ritchie is to introduce on Monday next.

"At the People's Palace, in the Mile-end-road, a concert is given every Saturday night at very cheap prices, and is attended by large numbers of people."

THE DEATH OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR, WILLIAM I., AT BERLIN.



THE LATE EMPEROR IN HIS NINETIETH YEAR.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ZIESLER, OF BERLIN.

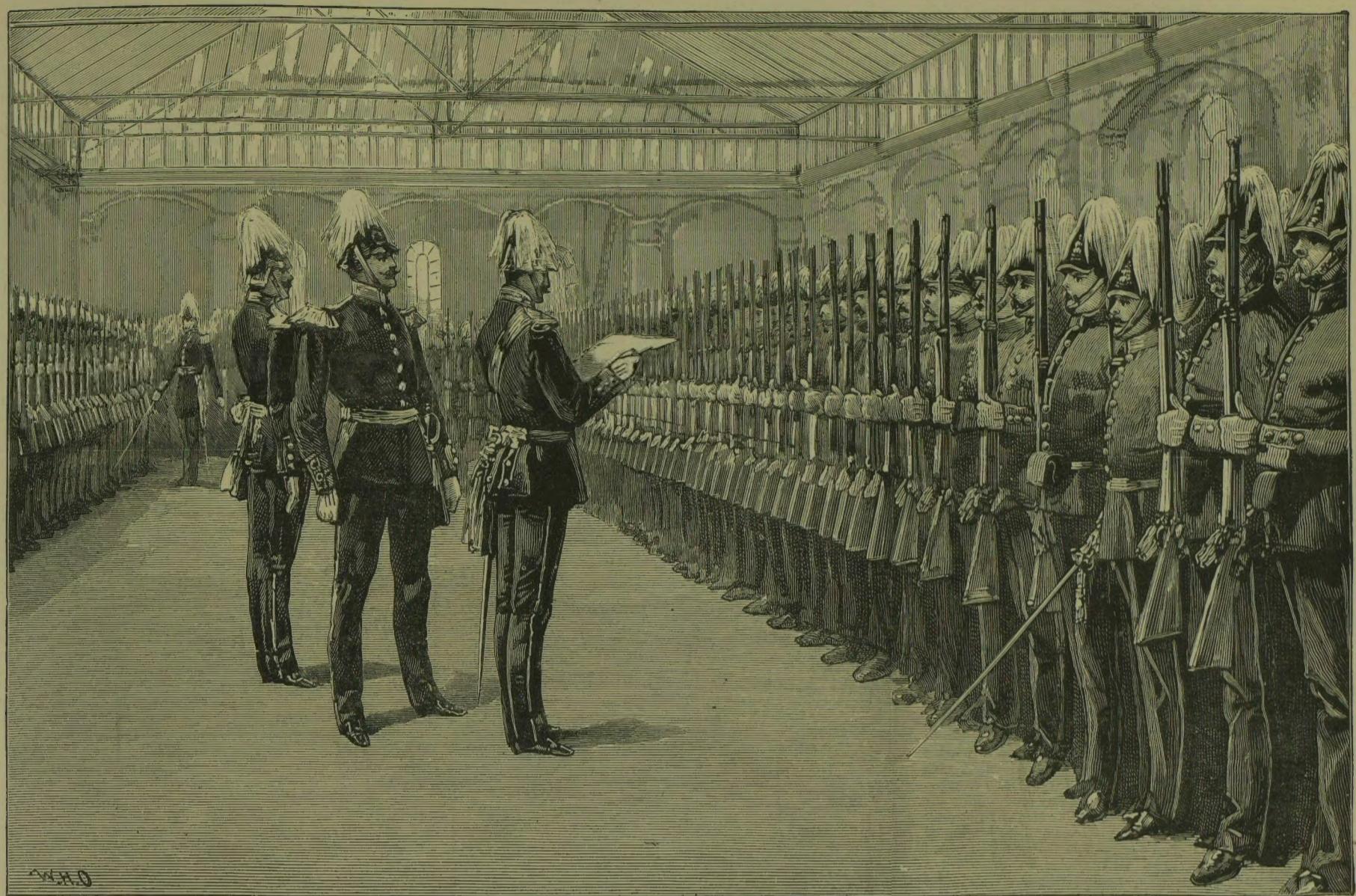


THE BULLETIN OF THE EMPEROR'S DEATH, OUTSIDE THE MINISTRY OF STATE.

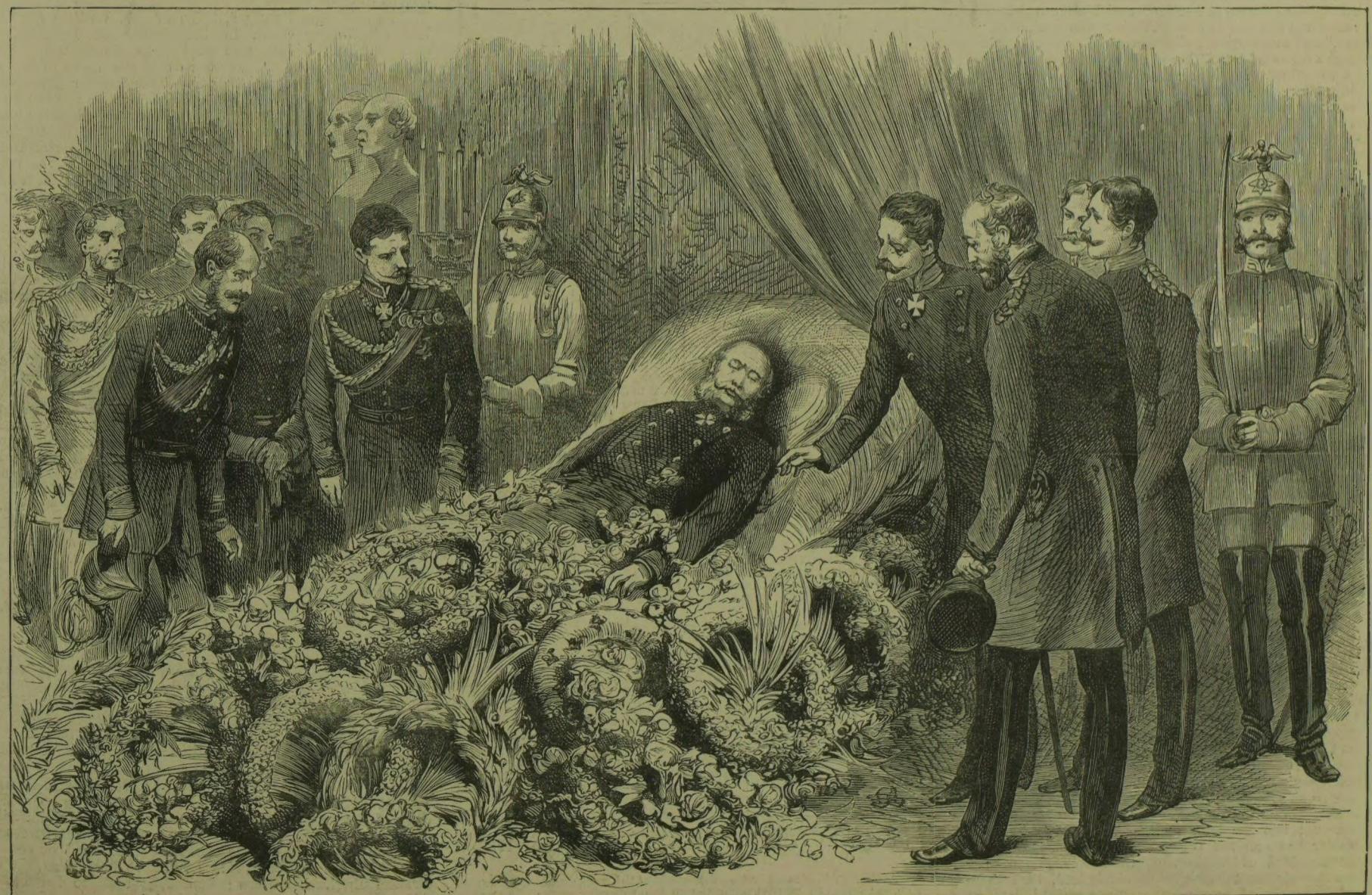


SCENE OUTSIDE THE ROYAL PALACE WHEN THE EMPEROR'S DEATH WAS ANNOUNCED.

THE DEATH OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR, WILLIAM I., AT BERLIN.



INFORMING THE GUARDS OF THE EMPEROR'S DEATH.



VISIT OF THE GENERALS TO THE EMPEROR'S DEATH-BED.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

That it is "always the unforeseen that happens" is thoroughly illustrated by the postponement of last Friday's Drawingroom. Many ladies were deterred from ordering gowns for the previous one by the serious condition in which the Royal patient at San Remo was then lying. But the crisis of danger there being apparently over, an unusual number of names were sent into the Lord Chamberlain's office for the second State reception of this season, which would have been as exceptionally large as the preceding one was small. The demise of the Emperor William, though likely enough in the course of nature, was yet thoroughly unexpected as a bar to the "Silver Wedding Drawingroom." So there were between two and three hundred beautiful gowns made, that will now have to repose as best they may in wardrobes or dress baskets for some weeks before they are worn. Cruel necessity! A Court train with its enormous length, its rich fabric, its stiff lining, and its delicate garniture, would never be folded at all if its maker and its owner could help it, but be put on direct from the artists' hands.

Think, for instance, of putting by for a month that vision of lightness and fresh beauty which was shown in Bond-street on March 8, and which was prepared for one of the most beautiful brides of last autumn, one of the tallest and fairest of her sex, to wear at the postponed Drawingroom, when she was to have been presented on her marriage. The bodice and train were of a grand silver brocade, the bullion threads making a floral design sown thickly over a white-silk ground. This sounds as if it would be stiff in draping, but it is not so; the firm and yet pliable texture of the pure silk used for these rich brocades makes them drape solidly but gracefully. The sides of the petticoat, beneath the train, were box pleats of white faille Française, opening over a tablier of the most wonderful silver embroidery; bullion thread, bugles, and minute plaques of silver all mingling in working out the close and elaborate design, which reached, nicely graduated in width, to the waist, and there met a vest to match. Along the train on both sides was a continuous and full ruche of fine ostrich feathers; not little tips, but a series—two hundred or so—of splendid plumes, intermixed here and there with little upstanding clusters of silver oats and grasses. This vision of splendour has had to be folded up and put away; and so have all the other pomps and vanities prepared for the occasion.

But far greater sacrifices than that of a dress would doubtless be gladly made by all those disappointed on this occasion, if, as a result of the passing of the Emperor William in the ripeness of his age to the rest appointed for all, his gallant son's health should be restored. Such a thing is not impossible—unless, indeed, it be but too true that the most hopeless of all malignant complaints has a hold upon the new Emperor. For staying chronic complaints and reviving ebbing energies to full vigour, there is nothing like the sudden pressure of a great responsibility, the stimulus of a great demand. No better wish can be offered to Germany, and to German womanhood especially, than that the new Empress may long occupy the high position which she has just taken. Her Majesty not only displays the genuine interest in the progress and well-being of the people that was characteristic of the father who trained her, and whose memory she still adores so that (as a gentleman holding a high station at Berlin once told me) she cannot talk long of that lamented parent without tears in her eyes; but besides this she has a rare individuality of thought, and a yet more rare "courage of her opinions," to uphold her own views of right. German women already owe much widening of their culture and increase of their opportunities to the Crown Princess, who now, as the Empress Victoria, will have far more power and influence than hitherto to exert for the benefit of good causes.

A daughter who loved her father with a more than common reverence was the late Louisa M. Alcott, the author of "Little Women," and many other well-known books. The devotion with which she regarded her father is shadowed in these works; and it is a touching coincidence that she should have died only one day after his decease. Mr. Alcott was remarkable, when this century was young, for certain original and striking views upon education, which he carried into effect in a school of his own with success; but, as often happens, the system depended too much on the personal power of the man who made it, to be ever available for the world at large. Miss Alcott who had a beautiful mind, must be regarded as one of the most valuable products of her father's methods of training. She was born in 1833; became a nurse in the Northern hospitals in the great war; and published her popular story of the four delightful girls in their New England home in 1868, since when she has been one of the most widely-read of American authors, both in her own country and here. Personally, she seems to have been an attractive woman, hearty and merry in her ways. She once said that she thought a man's mind must have got into her form by mistake, for she was always falling in love with nice girls, but had never yet succeeded in doing so with one of the other sex! In accordance with this saying, she died unmarried.

Was there ever an age of chivalry, I wonder, when "swords leapt from their scabbards" to avenge insult and wrong to the sex which cannot by such means defend itself? I doubt it. At all events, we do not live in it. If a man chivalrously interpose between a helpless woman and disturbance which, in the opinion of her physicians, may cost her life, he receives—not the applause of his fellow countrymen, but the adverse verdict of a jury and a fine of unheard-of dimensions from a Judge. Mr. Edlin, who has thus emphatically warned all other men not to step between a man and his wife under any circumstances—who has ruled that evidence cannot be admitted to justify a man in knocking another down in order to save the life of a woman even in the last extremity, is none other than the Judge who recently thought six months' imprisonment sufficient punishment for one of the vilest assaults on a woman ever recorded, accompanied by burglary and attempted murder with a knife. What are the Middlesex magistrates about, that they allow such sentences to pass in their names and under their responsibility?

The Council of the Senate of the University of Cambridge has reported unfavourably to the granting of ordinary degrees to women students by the University. The position at present is that the Girton and Newnham students are admitted to the honours examinations; but the mere pass degree is still closed to women, and even those ladies who take brilliant honours have not the right to add to their names those letters which denote academic training in the case of men. A "pass" is of very little significance; but the letters "B.A." or "M.A." showing that the holder has received University education and reached a certain standard of attainment, have a commercial value under some circumstances; so much, indeed, that there are several instances of women who have gained honours at Cambridge taking the trouble to go through the examinations of the University of London afterwards, in order to obtain a recognised degree. The Cambridge Council report adversely to the ladies mainly on the ground that to grant degrees to women would necessitate "altering the constitution" of the University.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.
J A W H (Edinburgh).—Thanks for game, which is having attention. The problems we have got mislaid; will you kindly send us fresh copies?
W H W (Ilkley).—Cook's "Synopsis" is probably best for your purpose, or Long's "Key to the Openings." Apply to J Wade, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden.
REV. A. B. S.—We give the substance of your communication, and trust it will prove satisfactory.

CLIFFORD F BULL.—The problem is a very creditable performance for a boy of fourteen. It is marked for early insertion.

COLUMBUS (Westward Ho).—Better give up chess if printers' errors perplex you, for you will otherwise live in a state of chronic perplexity.

J A PRICE.—Staunton's or the German hand-book. The other matter we will look into later on.

G B F (Dundee).—A letter has been forwarded to you, but with an uncertain address. Kindly communicate if not received.

H PHELAN.—Wade, Tavistock-street, or David Nutt, Strand.

R W (Canterbury).—Your criticism shall be answered next week.

PROBLEMS AND GAMES received, with thanks, from E Thorold, F Healey, C F Bull, J A W Hunter, J P Taylor, J Capron, L Desanges, R Aspa, J M A, and W Gleave.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2283 received from Lance-Corporal P Edwards and J Green; of No. 2284 from P Edwards, J S and R Head; of No. 2285 from P Edwards, J S and T Knowles (Natal); of No. 2286 from T Roberts, D McCoy, Mrs Kelly, Fairholme, and J S; of No. 2289 from H R A, Shadforth, J R M Anderson, J S, J D Tucker (Leeds), and Fairholme.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2290 received from A H Mole, J D Tucker, R Worts (Canterbury), Peterhouse, J Bryden, Ben Nevis, Jupiter Junior, C E P, H Lucas, H Wardell, L Sharswood, T Fisher, Fairholme, Kitten, G J Veale, J De Sarts (Liège), T Roberts, D McCoy, E Londen, Major Prichard, A Alcock, T G (Ware), Simplex, G C Barker, W R Raine, E E H, R F N Banks, A C W (Dover), J Hepworth Shaw, Shadforth, W L Martin (Commander R.N.), H R A, Rev R Eccles, A Hunter, J A Schinckle, New Forest, J King, E P, and Ruby.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2291 received from Rev Wm Finch Cooper, A C Hunt, T Fisher, Ben Nevis, C Darragh, Rev R Eccles, A C W (Dover), Jupiter Junior, T Chown, A Hunter, G T Addison, C E P, R H Brooks, J Hepworth Shaw, Lewellyn Atcherley, J Lago (Bury St. Edmunds), R Sheepshanks, W L Martin (Commander R.N.), E Londen, Dane John, G J Veale, J Collins, Laura Greaves, R F N Banks, J Hall, Mrs W J Baird, L Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, Ruby, E P, H R A, J Kistruck, Major Prichard, F Mackie, Oliver Fitzmaurice, J D Tucker (Leeds), L Desanges, T Roberts, F Chaplin, X Y Z, Hereward, Carslake, W Wood, W R Raine, S W Hooper, G F (Camberwell), Ealing, Lewis, Nathan, J A Schinckle, Dr F St. Hermit, Mrs Kelly, J Sandes, Shadforth, C J Boorne, J R Whitley, E Casella (Paris), and R Worts (Canterbury).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2288.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. R to K 5th K to B 4th
2. Kt to B 7th Kt to Q 4th or B 5th
3. Kt or R Mates.

NOTE.—If Black play 1. K to K 4th White continues with 2. Kt takes Kt; if 1. Kt takes Kt, then 2. R to R 5th; if 1. Kt to B 5th, then 2. Kt to B 7th (ch); and if 1. Kt to B 3rd, then 2. R takes Kt, mating, in each case, on the following move.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2289.

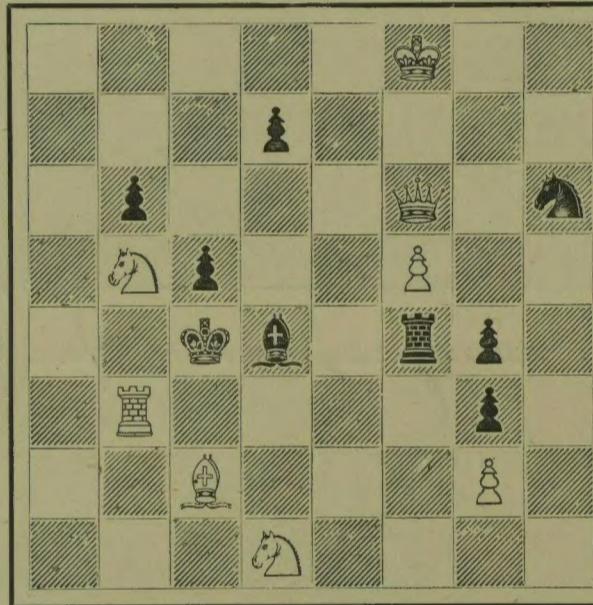
WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to Q 4th K takes Kt
2. Kt to Q 4th Any move
3. Q or Kt mates.

NOTE.—If Black play 1. B takes Kt, White continues with 2. Q to R 5th (ch); if 1. P takes Kt, then 2. Q to Kt 3rd (ch), &c.

PROBLEM NO. 2293.

By F. HEALEY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

A brilliant little game played between Mr. H. CHARLICK and Mr. F. HARRISON, quoted from the *Adelaide Observer*—

(King's Gambit declined).

WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)	WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)
1. P to K 4th	B to K 4th	17. R takes P	K R to R 2nd
2. P to K B 4th	B to B 4th	18. Q to K R 5th	Kt to K Kt sq
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	19. R takes B P	Kt takes R
4. Kt to B 3rd	B to K 3rd	20. Kt takes Kt	Q to K B 3rd
5. Kt to Q R 4th		21. Kt to K 5th	K to Q sq
6. P to B 5th	B to Q 2nd	22. B takes Kt	R to K Kt 2nd
7. Kt takes B	R P takes Kt	23. B to Q B 3rd	
8. B to Q B 4th	Kt to K B 3rd		
9. P to Q 3rd	P to K R 3rd		
10. Castles	Kt to B 3rd		
11. B to Q 2nd	Q Kt to K 2nd		
12. P to K R 3rd	P to Q 4th		
13. B to Kt 3rd	P takes P		
14. P takes P	Kt takes K P		
15. Kt takes K P	Kt to Q 3rd		
16. P to K B 6th	P takes P		

Obtaining an overwhelming attack.

P takes P

The ending is very interesting. If B R takes B, White wins the Q by K to B 7th (ch).
23. Q to K 2nd
24. R to Q sq
25. B to Q 4th
26. B to K B 2nd

Thwarting the menaced mate and threatening the following beautiful termination—27. B to K R 4th (ch), K to B sq; 28. Q to K 8th (ch), B takes Q; 29. R to Q 8th. Mate.

26. K to B sq
27. B to K 6th
28. Q to K 8th. Mate.

M. Skipworth, who is well known as the hon. sec. of the Counties Chess Association, has challenged Dr. Zukertort to play a short match for a nominal stake: half the games to be played in London, and half in Lincolnshire, in which county Mr. Skipworth resides. If this challenge is accepted, it will afford a fair test of the relative merits of the best professional and amateur play.

A match between the North London Chess Club and Cambridge University was played at Cambridge on March 2, and, after a close struggle, resulted in a victory for the former team by five games to four.

The annual match between Charterhouse and Westminster was played at Charterhouse on March 7, and resulted in a decisive victory for the home team, who scored thirteen games to one and a draw.

A chess club has been started at Plymouth under the presidency of the Rev. H. C. Briggs, and promises well for the future. A handicap tournament has commenced with eighteen entries, and the play excites keen interest on the part of the members.

The *Norwich Mercury* has started a chess column, and invites the support of chessplayers in the Eastern Counties. We trust it will meet with a liberal response, especially considering the amount of well-known talent existing in that part of the country.

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK.

MARCH 17, 1888.

Subscribers will please to notice that copies of this week's number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates:—To Canada, United States of America, and the whole of Europe, THICK EDITION, Two-pence-halfpenny; THIN EDITION, One Penny. To Australia, Brazil, Cape of Good Hope, China (via United States), Jamaica, Mauritius, and New Zealand, THICK EDITION, Three-pence; THIN EDITION, One Penny. To China (via Brindisi), India, and Java, THICK EDITION, Four-pence-halfpenny; THIN EDITION, Three-halfpenny.

Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the departure of the mails.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 18, 1884), with a codicil (dated July 23, 1887), of Mr. Thomas Jessop, formerly proprietor of the Brightside Steelworks, but late of Endcliffe Grange, Sheffield, who died on Nov. 30 last, was proved on Feb. 6 at the Wakefield District Registry, by William Jessop, the son, William Greaves Blake, and Joseph Burdekin, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £656,000. The testator gives an annuity of £4000 and the use of his house and grounds, called Endcliffe Grange, together with the pictures, plate, furniture, &c., therein to his wife, Mrs. Frances Yates Jessop, for life or widowhood; £5000 to his niece, Jane Clement Stephens; £5000, upon trust, for his sister-in-law, Mrs. Mary Ann Jessop, and at her death or remarriage to his said niece; £4000 to the hospital at Sheffield founded by him, and called "The Jessop Hospital"; £500 to the Unitarian Chapel, Norfolk-street, Sheffield; £250 to the Iron, Hardware, and Metal Trades' Pension Society; £200 each to the Sheffield General Infirmary and the Sheffield Public Hospital and Dispensary; and £100 each to the Sheffield Association in Aid of Adult Deaf and Dumb Persons, the Cherry-Tree Orphanage (Totley), the Girls' Charity School, the Boys' Charity School, the Sheffield Blind Asylum, and the Sheffield Free Hospital for Children. He devises the Endcliffe (subject to the life interest of his wife), Hubbuck, and Bradfield estates to his son, William, but charged with the payment of £1000 to each of his five daughters. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves as to two sevenths thereof to his said son, William, and one seventh each to his daughters, Mrs. Eliza Shaw, Mrs. Rebecca Blake, Mrs. Mary Hope Weiss, Mrs. Margaret Sheild, and Miss Maria Jessop; but the several amounts advanced to or settled on his said children, in his lifetime, are to be brought into account.

The will (dated March 5, 1886) of Mr. James Spicer, late of "Harts," Woodford, Essex, and No. 50, Upper Thames-street, wholesale stationer, who died on Jan. 23 last, was proved on March 10 by James Spicer, Albert Spicer, and Evan Spicer, the sons and executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £217,000. The testator gives £500, his house at Woodford, with the furniture, plate, carriages and horses, and an annuity of £4000, to his wife, Mrs. Louisa Spicer; £2000 each to his daughters Harriet and Charlotte; £500 to the London Missionary Society; £300 to the Colonial Missionary Society; £100 to the Friendly Female Society; annuities of £700 each to his married and unmarried daughters during the life of their mother; and legacies to his servants. He bequeaths his one-fifth share of the goodwill of his partnership business, carried on at Upper Thames-street, Long-aere, and Birmingham, to his four sons—James, Albert, Evan, and George—and leaves to them, subject to the payment of interest thereon at 5 per cent. during the life of his wife, the capital employed therein. On her death he gives £1000 each to his four sons and his daughters, Mrs. Louisa Martindale, Mrs. Ellen Hahneman, Harriet, and Charlotte. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves between his ten children, his sons bringing into hotchpot the value of the capital of his said business.

The will (dated Jan. 25, 1888) of Mr. John Paton Henderson, late of Manchester, and No. 10, Coburg-place, Bayswater, who died on Jan. 25 last, was proved on March 7 by Charles Paton Henderson, J.P., and William Henderson, the brothers and executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £153,000. The testator gives all his interest in Withington Hall, the furniture therein, and all his real estate, to his brother William; and £5000 each to his brother Peter Paton Henderson, and his sisters, Agnes Potter, Christina Alexandrina Ross, Mary Ross, and Anna Paton Tolson. The residue of his property he leaves between his brothers and sisters, in equal shares.

The will (dated July 8, 1879) of Mr. William Bosworth, late of Charley Hall, in the county of Leicester, who died on Dec. 4 last, was proved on March 6 by Colonel Richard Dyott, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £59,000. The testator bequeaths £200, upon trust, for the pensioners of the almshouses at Louth, Lincoln, endowed and erected by his brother, the Rev. Frederick Orme; £200 to each executor; and legacies and annuities to relatives and servants. His property in the counties of Cumberland, Leicester, Lincoln, and Rutland, and all other his real estate, he settles upon his cousin George Allison Robinson; his library, prints, paintings, &c., are to go as heirlooms therewith. The residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for the said George Allison Robinson, for life, and at his death to his children.

The will (dated Feb. 26, 1886) and a codicil (dated March 22, 1887) of Mr. Charles Cave John Orme, J.P., a Major in the Northampton and Rutland Militia, late of Oakham, Rutlandshire, who died on Jan. 4 last, were proved on March 1 by Thomas Falkner Allison, William Allison, jun., and Philip Allison, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £50,000. The testator bequeaths £200, upon trust, for the pensioners of the almshouses at Louth, Lincoln, endowed and erected by his brother, the Rev. Frederick Orme; £200 to each executor; and legacies and annuities to relatives and servants. His property in the counties of Cumberland, Leicester, Lincoln, and Rutland, and all other his real estate, he settles upon his cousin George Allison Robinson; his library, prints, paintings, &c., are to go as heirlooms therewith. The residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for the said George Allison Robinson, for life, and at his death to his children.

The will (dated Aug. 22, 1879) and two codicils (dated Nov. 22, 1883; and June 27, 1884) of Mr. Edward Bagehot, formerly of Langport, Eastover, Somersetshire, but late of Elm House, Elm-row, Hampstead, who died on Feb. 7, were proved on Feb. 28 by Mr. Joseph Barnes Bagehot, the son, and Mr. Frederick Sigismund Schwann, two of the executors, the personal estate amounting to upwards of £35,000. The testator, after reciting that by a deed poll, under the hands of himself and his late wife, certain property belonging to his father devolves to his children, bequeaths £4000 each to his daughters Mrs. Mary Watson Schwann and Mrs. Margaret Porch; £5000 to his daughter Mrs. Isabel Henslowe; £8500 to his son, Joseph Barnes; and

THE PLAYHOUSES.

A few months ago there was a discussion about the condition of Henry Fielding's grave in the Protestant cemetery at Lisbon. Some officious person wrote to the papers that it was shamefully neglected; but it all turned out to be ridiculously untrue; for the grave is of solid stone—*ere perennius*—and it is surrounded by flowering shrubs and mournful cypresses, and the English ladies who visit Lisbon never fail to scatter roses on the solid sarcophagus containing all that is left of the author of "Tom Jones" and "Joseph Andrews." Mr. Robert Buchanan has just added one more flower of graceful literature to the author's memory, for he has given us even a better play than "Sophia." The Vaudeville ought to be crowded every night until the end of the season with audiences anxious to see and enjoy "Joseph's Sweetheart." Little did Fielding dream what a good play could be made out of his first story. As everyone knows, Fielding was a dramatist of considerable renown long before he dreamed of writing a novel, and his first venture was launched in order to vex Richardson and cast ridicule on his "Pamela; or, Virtue Rewarded." Richardson was in the odour of sanctity, Fielding was a Bohemian; Richardson was among the elect of society, Fielding was out in the cold. But the righteous soul of Henry Fielding rebelled against all this sugary sentimentality and fatuous Phariseism, so he resolved to imitate Cervantes, to give us a new Don Quixote, to immortalise his old friend and scholar the Rev. William Young, and to sketch a lusty handsome footman who should resist temptation, whether it came from mistress or maid, and who should have as much real virtue as a dozen Pamelas. The bare idea of dramatising "Joseph Andrews" seemed to the uninitiated even more daring than that of giving us a stage version of "Tom Jones." But there is nothing succeeds like success, and encouragement has given heart to Mr. Buchanan's work. We get the outlines of the story very fairly presented, and the chief characters very adequately sketched. It is distinctly unfair to say that Fielding has suffered at the hands of the dramatist. We cannot get his incomparable language, or the whole fruit of his satire; but we certainly do get his humanity, his fresh breezy nature, his virility, and his English spirit, which, after all these years, puts to shame the mawkish stuff of the female satirists of to-day—women who occupy the stage with so-called society dramas, and who, when they do not poison, add to the discontent and indifference that check the healthier aspirations of the young. If we do not get Fielding pure and simple, we get a breath of him. We are no longer taken to stuffy divorce courts, or to unwholesome boudoirs, or to the orgies of the drunken and the dissolute; but away we go to the sunny cottage of Parson Adams, that affords so pleasant a contrast to the Hogarthian home of Lady Booby. The temptation of the immaculate Joseph by his indolent, scheming mistress; the proud boy's banishment to his country home; the scheme of the defeated woman to ruin Fanny Goodwill in order to revenge herself on her honourable lover; the abduction of Fanny; the discovery of the wealthy father of Joseph, now no longer a servant; the rescue of Joseph's sweetheart from the snares of a libertine; the duel between Andrews and Lord Fellamar, and the subsequent reconciliation—all these incidents are dovetailed into the scheme of the drama with remarkable skill, and make up a play of singular interest. And who shall say that we do not get a speaking likeness of our old friends in the Parson Adams of Mr. Thorne, the Lady Booby of Miss Vane, the Joseph of Mr. H. B. Conway, the Fanny of Miss Kate Rorke—all of them performances of conspicuous merit. There is no better comedy-acting to be found than in this cast. Parson Adams, with his gentle heart and veiled pugnacity, his keen sense of honour and love of *Æschylus*, his benevolent charity and comical absence of mind, is made a life-like creation by Mr. Thomas Thorne, whose recent advance as an actor is very remarkable. In the long gallery of his successful personations—Caleb Deecie, Tom Pinch, old Partridge, and the rest—the new Parson Adams will take a very prominent position, for it is firmly drawn and painted in brilliant and lasting colours. Miss Vane is also to be congratulated on her nice artistic sense and bold handling of Lady Booby—a most difficult character to play, and one that requires immense tact to steer to success. Mr. Conway and Miss Rorke make a delightful pair of lovers, free wholly from mawkish sentimentality and both as bright and breezy as the downs from which they come, in the characters of Joseph and his sweetheart. A strong bit of sound dramatic character-acting comes from Mr. J. S. Blythe, who plays Gipsy Jim, a scamp who eventually proves the correct birth and parentage of Joseph. Mr. Blythe has the voice and manner of Mr. Fernandez, and some of his electric force as well. Other excellent assistance comes from Mr. F. Thorne, Mr. Scott Buist, and Mr. Cyril Maude, who gives a very clever sketch of a man of fashion under the Georges. How Thackeray would have liked to see this wholesome play, which is enjoyable in itself, and a wholesome antidote to much that is false and foolish elsewhere!

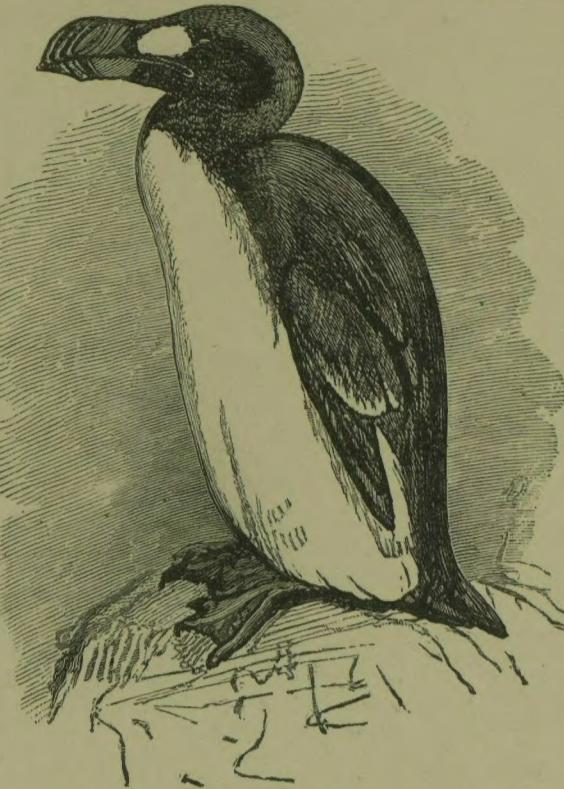
Everyone will be glad to hear that merry laughter is again to be heard in the little playhouse in King William-street, Strand. Mr. J. L. Toole has secured a clever play and a capital part in "The Don." Mr. and Mrs. Herman Merivale have fitted the public favourite admirably, and he has seldom played better than as the college tutor with the susceptible heart. Here is another instance of the possibility of writing farce that wholly avoids impropriety or suggestion, and that can amuse without shocking the most sensitive susceptibility. In the cast will be found that admirable comedy actress, Miss Kate Philips, who for once is relegated from the servants' hall and plays a lady of fashion; those clever girls, Miss Marie Linden and Miss Violet Vanbrugh; Mr. John Billington, as useful as ever, and in addition to Mr. Lowne, Mr. Brunton, and Miss Emily Thorne, a very useful new-comer in Mr. E. W. Gardiner.

"Christina," the new Russian play, by Percy Lynwood and Mark Ambient, recently produced at the Olympic, is not a good play, and no intelligent acting will make it one. Pointless and uninteresting, it drags its slow length along, and receives the most devoted help from Mr. E. S. Willard and Miss Alma Murray, who do their very best to save the play. Mr. Archer plays an extraordinary editor, and is admirable throughout; but no good acting can save a work that has no vital pivot of interest. Good plays may be ruined by bad acting—they often are—but no good acting can give interest when the dramatist has failed to supply it.

Miss Mary Anderson has been on the sick-list, compelled to close her theatre and to postpone until Wednesday next the matinée of "Pygmalion and Galatea," that is to introduce the new comer, Miss Julia Neilson, recently a distinguished pupil and prize-winner at the Royal Academy of Music. Miss Neilson will play Cynisca.

THE GREAT AUk'S EGG.

"What an absurd price!" was probably the exclamation of some who read in the daily papers that Mr. Stevens, the auctioneer, of King-street, Covent-garden, sold last Monday a great auk's egg for £225. This is the highest price ever given for a single egg, at any auction in England; and, as an open sale is perhaps the best test for value, the fortunate possessor



GREAT AUk OR GAREPOWL (ALCA IMPENNIS).
From a Sketch by Mr. J. G. Millais.

of a fair specimen of an auk's, or garefowl's, egg may reasonably consider his prize as worth more than its weight in Bank of England five-pound notes.

The egg of which we give an illustration is the eleventh that has been sold by Mr. Stevens; and it is interesting to note their increase in value. In 1853 two eggs belonging to Mr. Potts were sold at £30 and £29; but the egg in the collection of the late Mr. Yarrell fetched only £21 in 1856. In 1865 four eggs, the property of the College of Surgeons, were



EGG OF THE GREAT AUk: NATURAL SIZE.
From a Photograph.

sold at an average of a little over £30; and four years later Mr. Troughton's egg was purchased by the late Lord Garvagh at what was then considered the enormous price of £60. In 1880 Mr. Small, a naturalist, at Edinburgh, purchased at an auction for thirty-two shillings a cabinet which contained two great auk's eggs; and when they were sold by Mr. Stevens, in the same year, they realised £100 and 102 guineas, although both were badly damaged. Last December one of the eggs purchased in 1865 was sold for £168. When the egg which has just fetched £225 passed into the collection of its late owner, in 1851, it was obtained for £18.

There are only sixty-seven recorded specimens of this egg, and of these Great Britain holds the largest share. Eight of our museums possess twelve eggs, and thirty-two are in thirteen private collections; whilst of the remaining twenty-three eggs, fourteen are in museums and nine in private hands. Of course, other eggs may exist, unknown to collectors; so recently as 1884, a clergyman in Dorsetshire recognised an egg at a house at which he was visiting, the owner being quite unaware of its value; as the smaller end had been broken off very probably the egg had been sucked by the finder; so plentiful was this bird some 250 years ago, that vessels fishing on the Newfoundland coast were victualled with garefowls, and as the crews could secure them, when found on land, by the simple process of placing a plank from the shore to the boat, up which the birds could be driven, they were not slow to avail themselves of the supply. This wholesale slaughter naturally resulted in the extinction of a bird which had no power of flight. It survived in Europe but a few years its extermination in America, and the last two specimens of which we have trustworthy evidence were killed in Iceland in 1844. At the present time nearly eighty skins are known to exist, twenty-two of which are in this country. The total length of the bird is about thirty inches, and the colour black and white.

Is it too much to hope that, if another egg comes into the market, some patriotic Englishman will purchase and present it to the national collection? The two wretched specimens at the National History Museum at South Kensington are a disgrace to the grandest ornithological collection in the world.

It has been resolved to hold the Jubilee Show of the Royal Agricultural Society in Windsor Great Park in July, 1889.

MUSIC.

The Royal Albert Hall Choral Society is approaching the end of its seventeenth season, two more concerts remaining in completion thereof. As briefly intimated last week, the concert of Thursday evening, March 8, was appropriated to a performance of Verdi's "Requiem." This interesting work (composed in memory of the Italian poet Manzoni) was first heard in England at the Royal Albert Hall in 1875, when it was conducted by the composer. In last week's performance it was very effectively rendered, conducted by Mr. Barnby and with Miss Anna Williams, Madame Belle Cole, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Bridson as solo vocalists. The choral singing was, as usual at these concerts, of special excellence.

Madame Schumann continues to excite the same enthusiasm as that which welcomed her first appearance this season at the evening Popular Concert at St. James's Hall on Feb. 27. Her subsequent performances there have been duly chronicled by us, the latest occasion having been at the afternoon concert of March 10, when the great pianist played Mendelssohn's andante and variations in E flat and two canons by Schumann. Herr Joachim was again the leading violinist, and played, with Mlle. Soldat, part of a duet by Spohr; Miss F. Davies having taken the pianoforte part in a trio by Haydn. Miss K. Flinn contributed vocal pieces. At the evening concert of the following Monday, Miss F. Davies was the solo pianist, and Miss E. Shinner and Herr Joachim were associated in a violin duet by Spohr.

The Crystal Palace Saturday afternoon concert of March 10 included the first performance of a setting by Mr. F. Corder of his translation of Uhland's ballade, "Des Sängers Fluch" ("The Minstrel's Curse"). Mr. Corder is known by several works, especially by the opera "Nordisa," produced by the Carl Rosa Company at Drury-Lane Theatre last May. The composition now referred to is rather a bold venture, Uhland's poem having received musical treatment by Schumann. Mr. Corder's music is very effective in its characteristic orchestral writing. Saturday's concert included the fine music composed by Mendelssohn to a version of the "Edipus at Colonus" of Sophocles, in which, as in the masterly choruses to "Antigone," he has conveyed a wondrous impression of antique Greek dignity and simplicity through the medium of modern forms of expression. The spoken text in each of the works above referred to was ably recited by Mr. Charles Fry. Other items of the programme require no comment.

The new instrument, entitled the "Clavi-Harp," was exhibited, and performed on, with great success, by Mlle. Eugénie Dratz (of Brussels), at a recital at Prince's Hall on Tuesday afternoon, March 13. Detailed comment is reserved owing to pressure on space.

Novello's Oratorio Concerts at St. James's Hall have completed five of the promised six performances, the last but one of these having been announced for Tuesday evening, March 13, when Dr. Mackenzie's oratorio, "The Rose of Sharon," was performed, under the direction of the composer.

As before recorded, the twenty-second season of Mr. John Boosey's attractive London Ballad Concerts at St. James's Hall closed with an afternoon performance on March 14. The programme was of the usual varied and attractive character.

We have already drawn attention to the opening of the seventy-sixth season of the Philharmonic Society at St. James's Hall, on Thursday evening, March 15, when Madame Schumann was announced to play the second of Chopin's pianoforte concertos. This must be spoken of next week.

M. Henri Logé's third winter morning concert, at Steinway Hall, took place on March 15, with an attractive programme, including his own pianoforte performances, and vocal and instrumental pieces contributed by other meritorious artists.

St. Patrick's night is to be celebrated, on March 17, by one of Mr. W. Carter's national concerts at the Royal Albert Hall. An attractive programme of popular vocal pieces, mostly of a national character, is announced. A concert of a similar character, also with a highly attractive programme—contributed to by eminent artists—will take place simultaneously at St. James's Hall.

Herr Hegner announces a pianoforte recital to be given by his son Otto at Prince's Hall on Monday afternoon, March 19.

Mr. William Nicholl's second chamber concert will take place at Steinway Hall on Tuesday evening, March 20; the first of three concerts will be given on the afternoon of

March 22 at Steinway Hall by the professors and pupils of the Hyde Park Academy of Music, the programme including choral works for female voices, solos from oratorios and operas, German lieder, English ballads, and instrumental solos; and Sullivan's oratorio "The Prodigal Son" will be given at the Kensington Townhall on March 23 by the Kensington Orchestral and Choral Society—Mr. W. Buels conducting.

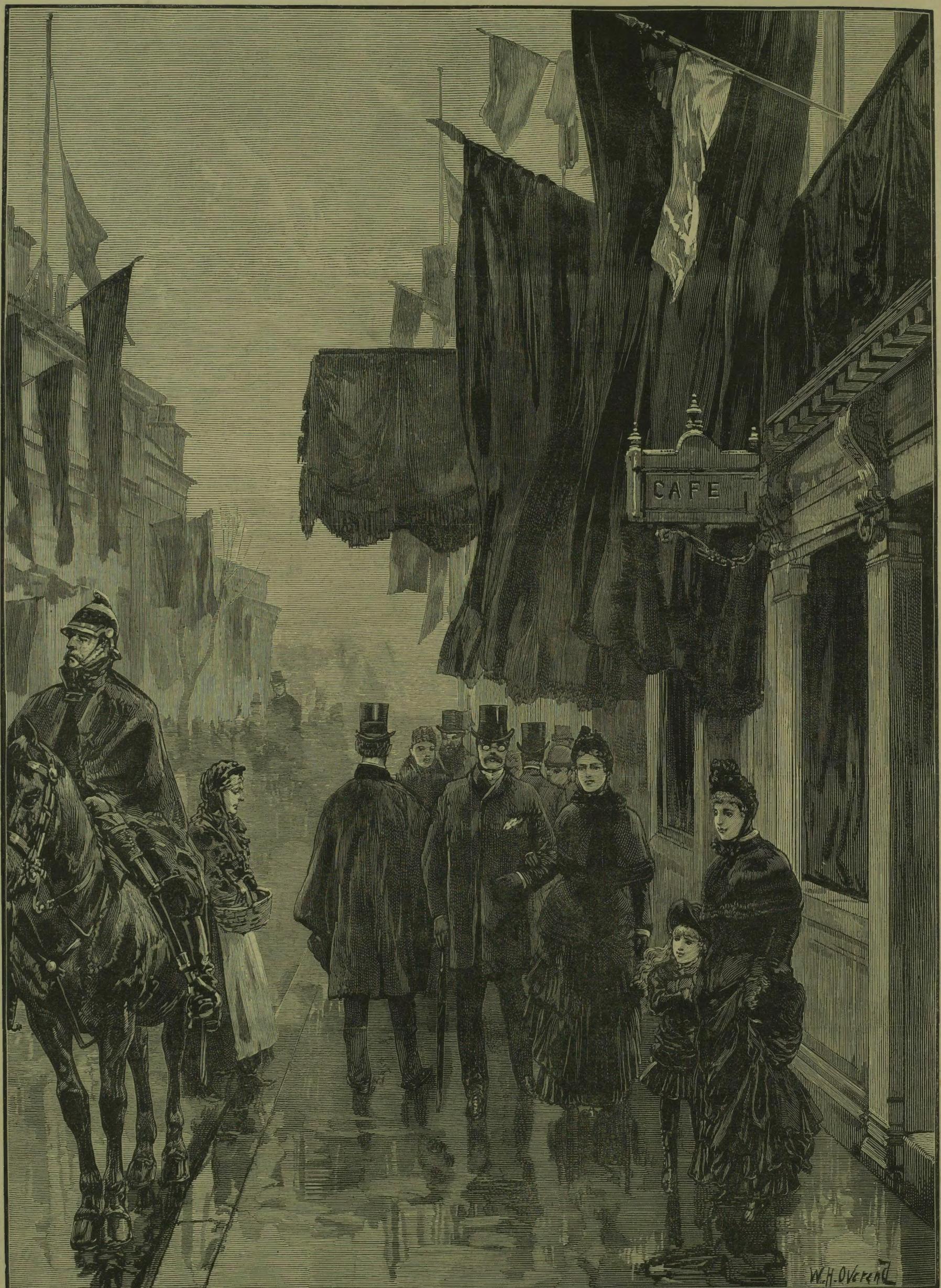
At the Royal Albert Hall on Good Friday evening, March 30, Handel's "Messiah" will be produced by the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, the artists being Madame Nordica, Madame Belle Cole, Mr. Henry Piercy, and Mr. Watkin Mills; and Dr. Barnby conducting.

The death is announced, at Florence, in the fifty-ninth year of his age, of Signor Ciro Pinsuti, the well-known Italian musical professor and composer. He was the author of more than 230 songs, English and Italian, his part-songs being great favourites with English singing societies.

Mr. James R. W. Bros has been appointed a Metropolitan Police Magistrate. In 1875 he was appointed Counsel to the Mint; and in 1878, Recorder of Abingdon. He has been a serving barrister in Gloucestershire since 1885.

In the brief memoir of the late lamented Countess Olga Münster, accompanying her portrait given in our Number for Feb. 25, it was erroneously stated that she was the daughter of Count Münster by his second wife, Lady Harriet Elizabeth St. Clair Erskine, sister of the present Earl of Rosslyn; whereas she was the Count's youngest daughter by his first wife, Princess Galitzin.

The usual periodical meeting of the general committee of management of the Shipwrecked Mariners' Benevolent Society was held at its central office, Sailors' Home Chambers, Dock-street, on March 8. The society's relief expenditure sanctioned for the past month amounted altogether to the sum of £2667; and the numbers recorded as relieved showed a total of 1847 persons, comprising 566 shipwrecked mariners and fishermen, and 1281 bereaved dependents, including 487 widows and 620 orphans. Amongst the recent contributions to the society's funds were those of the Queen (patron), £25; the Fishmongers' Company, £52 10s.; the Leathersellers' Company, £21; and the Throgmire Trustees, £70.



A CITY IN MOURNING--THE STREETS OF BERLIN.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. W. SIMPSON.



THE IMPERIAL CROWN PRINCE WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA AND HIS SON.

THE ROYAL SILVER WEDDING.

The celebration, on Saturday, March 10, of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales, upon which our sincere congratulations, with the reminiscences and comments suggested by this occasion, have already been set forth, was in some degree affected by the personal and public regrets for the death of the venerable German Emperor on the day preceding, to which none of our Royal family could be indifferent, and by the anxiety which they must have felt for the Imperial Crown Prince, in his perilous condition of health, with his hurried journey from San Remo to Berlin. Nevertheless, for that day, the mourning of the Court was suspended. The Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, the Duchess of Albany, and Prince Henry of Battenberg, visited the Prince and Princess of Wales in the forenoon, and presented her congratulations. Her Majesty's example was followed by the King of the Belgians and all the relatives of the Royal couple now in this country. A large number of presents were brought, which were displayed in the Indian Room at Marlborough House. The Prince and Princess, with their children, lunched with the Queen at Buckingham Palace, and in the evening the Queen dined at Marlborough House with the Prince and Princess of Wales and the other members of the Royal family. Many of the clubs and the premises of the leading tradesmen were illuminated in the evening. At half-past ten the Queen left Marlborough House on her return to Windsor. Instead of taking the usual route to Paddington her Majesty drove through some of the principal West-End streets to view the illuminations, and was heartily cheered by the crowds of people. Paddington Station was reached at a quarter-past eleven, and thence her Majesty travelled to Windsor by a special train.

Her Majesty's greeting of the Prince and Princess was of the most warm and affectionate character. Among those present at the meeting were the King of the Belgians, Prince Christian, and the Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark, and the Duke of Cambridge. Many Peers, Princes, Ambassadors, Ministers, and gentlemen of the Court called during the morning to offer their congratulations. At the Royal reception the Princess of Wales wore a cream-coloured dress, and her daughters also wore dresses in spring colours. The Princess received all the distinguished visitors in person. The ladies who arrived were dressed as usual, no mourning being worn.

Deputations were received in the following order by the Prince and Princess of Wales, by whom the congratulations on the Silver Wedding and the presents commemorative of the event were graciously acknowledged:—

The Servants of the Household, who presented a silver tankard.
The Bridesmaids of the Princess of Wales, who presented a silver casket.
The Danish Residents in Newcastle-on-Tyne, who presented a picture of the Castle of Fredensborg.

The Danish Colony in London and the United Kingdom, who presented an address.

The representatives of 365 ladies personally acquainted with the Princess of Wales, headed by Maria, Marchioness of Ailesbury, who presented a diamond tiara.

The past and present members of the Queen's household, who presented a pair of flagons and two large silver vases or cups.

The Earl of Lathom, Deputy Grand Master, and other grand officers of the United Grand Lodge of Freemasons in England, who presented a diamond butterfly.

Fifty gentlemen personally acquainted with the Prince and Princess of Wales, who presented three large silver flagons.

The Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex, and the Common Council, who presented a large model in silver of the Imperial Institute buildings.

The Peers of Ireland, who presented fifteen Irish old silver cups.

The Officers of the 2nd Battalion of the Yorkshire Regiment (the Princess of Wales's Own), who presented a large embossed silver plaque.

Prince Albert Victor and Prince George, and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud were present at the reception of the deputations.

The Prince and Princess of Wales also received, on March 9, the Earl of Rosslyn and the members of her Majesty's Body Guard of the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, who presented their Royal Highnesses with a silver statuette; the members, past and present, of their Royal Highnesses' households, who presented them with four silver flagons; and the clerks in the office at Marlborough House, who presented their Royal Highnesses with a pair of silver candlesticks. The Austrian Ambassador presented an autograph letter from the Emperor of Austria announcing his Royal Highness's appointment to the Honorary Colonecy of the 12th Hussar Regiment in the Austro-Hungarian Army. The French Ambassador was also received, to offer to their Royal Highnesses the expression of good wishes on the part of the President of the French Republic and the French Government.

The presents received by the Prince and Princess, arranged in the Indian Room at Marlborough House, made a magnificent display. A prominent position was accorded to a gift from the Queen—a massive silver flagon of goodly height and proportions, the counterpart of one in the Kremlin. The Prince of Wales's presents to the Princess comprise a large cross, set with diamonds and rubies, and an exquisitely-designed silver travelling-clock. The Emperor Frederick and the Empress of Germany sent a pair of valuable china vases; from the Emperor and Empress of Russia came a diamond and sapphire necklace, as a present to the Princess; the King of the Belgians sent a large silver tankard and a collection of the choicest exotics from the gardens of Laeken. Among other gifts from reigning Sovereigns are a case containing a punch-bowl and a set of cups from the King and Queen of the Hellenes; a silver-gilt tea and coffee service from the King and Queen of Denmark; and a large silver-mounted casket, or box, of mahogany-coloured native wood from the King and Queen of Hawaii. Congratulatory offerings from members of the English Royal family occupy a considerable space. Prince Albert Victor and Prince George and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales present to their parents silver models of two of the favourite horses in the Royal stables, one being a representation in miniature of the Princess's hack Viva. The Duke of Edinburgh's gift to the Prince is a diamond pin, with a sapphire and diamond brooch from the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh to the Princess. The Duke of Cambridge and the venerable Duchess of Cambridge gave a richly-chased silver card-basket; and gifts equally appropriate and valuable from members of the Royal and Imperial families of the Continent have arrived in large numbers. The offering of Prince Waldemar of Denmark takes the form of a case of richly-engraved silver spoons, with a tiny Danish landscape traced on the surface of each; and from the Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark has been received a valuable vase of Danish china. The Duke and Duchess of Cumberland sent an ornolite-gilt clock with an exquisitely enamelled face; the Empress Eugénie, a silver model of a two-masted ship of the time of Henry VIII.; the Duke and Duchess of Braganza, an antique silver dish; the Count and Countess of Paris, an agate bowl, mounted on a lapis stand, and adorned with the figure of a triton; and the Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, a silver salver. From San Remo the Princess of Saxe-Meiningen has sent a fan of rare workmanship. One of the most striking presents in the collection is that which constitutes the united gift to the Princess of Wales from ladies of her acquaintance. It is a tiara formed of rays of brilliants, graduated in size, on a background of silver; and accompanying it is an ivory-bound volume with the names of the donors. With regard to

his Royal Highness, a number of noblemen and gentlemen joined in offering for his acceptance three enormous silver flagons, and from the several Royal households similar gifts have been received. The gift of Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar is a two-handled Irish silver cup; from Princess Edward, an embroidered cushion; from Lord Rothschild and Mr. Alfred Rothschild, a pair of pearl and diamond solitaires; from Mr. Leopold Rothschild, a satin pocket-book with a gold-mounted crown and monogram, and containing a pencil-case, studded with diamonds, pearls, and rubies; from Lady Rothschild, a gold bouquet-holder, embellished with rubies, carbuncles, and diamonds; from Sir Albert Sassoon, a silver model of Mr. Boehm's equestrian statue of the Prince of Wales at Calcutta; a silver dessert-service from the Duke of Cambridge's personal staff; a sable cloak from Sir Edward and Lady Guinness; a silver casket from the Duchess of Buccleuch; and a brooch from Baroness Burdett-Coutts; from the Peers of Ireland, fifteen massive and handsome old two-handled cups; from the United Grand Lodge of Freemasons in England, a diamond butterfly. The silver model of the Imperial Institute, presented by the Corporation of London, stands in the saloon; among other tributes of municipal good wishes is a handsome silver casket from the Corporation of Plymouth. One corner of the Indian saloon was filled with the floral gifts—the bouquets, the wreaths, the pyramids of lilies-of-the-valley, the rich and rare exotics and orchids, sent by all classes of the community. The flowers had been arranged in every imaginable form and device—floral cushions, harps of blossom flowers in baskets, pagodas, and silver bowls, pendant wreaths, and flowers for the hand; most of them the product of English horticulture, but many from the Continent, fresh as when they were first gathered.

The diamond butterfly presented to the Princess of Wales by the Grand Lodge of Freemasons of England is composed of the finest Brazilian diamonds. The three largest are set in the body, twenty-nine other large stones on the outside edge of the wings, with 185 other stones, which, tapered in lines to the body, form the wings, which were balanced on gold springs. The eyes are of rubies, the only colour in an ornament that reflects great credit on the committee of selection and the firm of Messrs. Johnson, Walker and Tolhurst, of 80, Aldersgate-street, who designed and manufactured the same.

The pianoforte presented to the Prince and Princess of Wales is a horizontal grand, manufactured by Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons, with a continuous metal frame, superseding the old construction with wood tuning-pin block and substituting patented screw tuning-pins. The superior accuracy of instruments constructed on this principle is equal to that of a modern rifle compared with the old blunderbuss.



DIAMOND BUTTERFLY, GIFT OF THE FREEMASONS
TO THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

The piano has also a patented mechanism which produces the greatest accuracy of touch, and is the first existing mechanism that combines the lever, the spring, and the wedge, thus providing a leverage for the finger of the performer theoretically and practically perfect. These improvements produce so elastic a touch that all gradations, from the most subdued whisper to the greatest fortissimo passage, can be accomplished with the delightful effect.

One of the gifts of the Prince of Wales to the Princess is an eight-day keyless clock, in a silver case, richly chased with Crown and "A" monogram, and the dates "March 10, 1863-1888," the Prince of Wales's feathers, and the Garter. The whole of the background is filled in with rose, thistle, shamrock, and lotus; round the dial, in place of figures, are the letters A L B E R T E D W A R D, in dark blue and red enamel. Encircling the dial, in high relief, is the Eternity serpent. The sides of the clock are chased with rose, thistle, &c.; the back is engraved with a facsimile inscription: "In remembrance of March 10, 1863-1888, from A. E." This clock was made at the Prince's special command by Mr. Alfred Clark, of 20, Old Bond-street, who also manufactured the silver reading-lamp presented by Mr. Reuben Sassoon. The lamp has two lights. Its design, specially modelled, represents, on the base, two children making a bridal wreath of rose, thistle, shamrock and lotus; while on the centre bracket, between the branches, a third child is throwing down similar flowers. The centre column, which is 22 in. high, is surrounded with the Prince of Wales's feathers and crown; the reservoir is chased with bunches of flowers.

The Silver Wedding cake, made and presented by Messrs. Gunter and Co., of Berkeley-square, was placed in the dining-room during the banquet given to her Majesty. This cake was about 6 ft. high, decorated with the Prince and Princess's monogram and the Prince of Wales's feathers in silver bullion on ivory-white satin, also with a profusion of beautiful roses and other flowers in white and pale salmon relieved with frosted silver ferns.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, with their five children, accompanied by the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Denmark, attended a service, to commemorate their "Silver Wedding," on Sunday afternoon, March 11, at the Chapel Royal, Whitehall, when the Bishop of Peterborough preached; the collection at the close being (at the special request of his Royal Highness) in aid of the Gordon Boys' Home. In the unavoidable absence of the Bishop of London, Dean of the Chapels Royal, the Archbishop of Canterbury was present, robed, and within the altar rails; his Grace finally receiving the alms and giving the benediction. The Rev. Edgar Sheppard, the Sub-Dean, intoned the services. The Prince and Princess on their arrival were received at the outer entrance, and on leaving were conducted to their carriages by Mr. John Hassard, Principal Registrar of the Province of Canterbury, who, as

Comptroller at Whitehall, appointed by the late Archbishop Tait, received their Royal Highnesses at the Special Service, which followed their marriage in 1863, when the late Dean Stanley preached, and the late Archbishop Tait was officially present. On the desk of the Royal closet in front of the Princess was placed a beautiful bouquet of lilies of the valley, the emblems of the See and Province of Canterbury. The Princess quitted the chapel, carrying the bouquet.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, March 13.

It is strange that while all Europe has its eyes turned upon Berlin and the dead Emperor, France continues to discuss Boulanger and Boulangism, while the ultra-democrats are printing in hundreds of thousands their new Chauvinist sheet, *La Cocarde*, which characterises the present Republic as a grotesque, hypocritical, and costly imitation of monarchy. *La Cocarde* is frankly a Cæsarian organ, only it professes not to have yet chosen its Cæsar. But what is more curious than Boulangism and its vagaries is that, at the elections at Marseilles, the third capital of France, the old Socialist, Félix Pyat, has just obtained 20,000 votes, and will almost certainly be elected at the ballotage, such is the indifference of one part of the electors and such the zeal of the others. The other candidates were two Radicals tainted with Socialism, and out of the 150,000 electors inscribed only one third voted. This state of affairs is typical. Universal suffrage in France is so badly organised that it is a mere delusion; for want of chiefs and a plan, electors abstain; since the death of Gambetta, the Republic has had no man to fulfil the very necessary rôle held in 1792 by Carnot, the organiser of victory. That is why disorganisation is growing daily; that is why public opinion, weary of aimless agitation, turns towards the unknown and the unforeseen—toward Pyat, or towards Boulanger: the one a fanatic of the past, the other the hero of a future which is itself a return to the past.

The Budget of Public Worship has been voted this year in exceptional conditions, which are not precisely to the credit of the Chamber, inasmuch as it shows that the Republicans are losing all spirit of government and sense of liberty, while the Conservatives are ready to sacrifice their religious principles in order to do a bad turn to their political adversaries. There has been, it is true, no great reduction in the credits, because those credits have already been reduced to the minimum. The only change is the refusal of the credit for Jewish seminaries, which are consequently suppressed. In the Budget of the Fine-Arts Department the Commission suppressed the censorship, but the Chamber re-established it in the interests of public decency.

M. Ravaission, one of the curators of the Louvre, has nearly completed a restoration of the famous Venus of Milo as a group of Mars and Venus, the Mars being a cast of the statue in the Louvre known as the Borghese Achilles, which, according to M. Ravaission, is a Mars. From various documents M. Ravaission has become convinced that the Venus belongs to a group of Venus begging Mars to lay down his arms. The reconstitution is most interesting, and will certainly be a surprise to the public when M. Ravaission exhibits it.

M. De Lesseps is making a great fuss in the newspapers in favour of his new appeal for funds to sink in the Panama Canal. The issue this time is 350,000 obligations at 460 f., revenue per annum 30 f., and reimbursement 1000 f.—a most tempting investment were it not too tempting. The engineer Eiffel has been explaining to the public his wonderful metallic locks, which he has contracted to have finished on July 1, 1890, when the canal will be opened for navigation, 23 kilomètres on the Atlantic level, 40 kilomètres with locks, and 12 kilomètres on the Pacific level.

This week 1800 additional workmen have been engaged to push forward the buildings of the Exhibition of 1890. A committee has been formed under the presidency of Senator Carnot to prepare "from a purely scientific point of view"—says the official circular—a sort of retrospective exhibition of the French Revolution. This exhibition will take the form of lectures, museums, publication of documents, establishment of a society of the history of the Revolution, &c. It is noticeable that it is the father of the President of the Republic who is at the head of this queer and useless section of the forthcoming Exhibition.

T. C.

New York city was visited on March 12 by a snowstorm resembling in its severity one of the blizzards of the Western States. All business and traffic were suspended. Attempts were made to run the trams; but the drivers had to hurry the horses to shelter, and abandon the cars in the streets. Twenty horses could not draw a snow-plough along, and it also was left. The gale was from the west, and extended around New York and all along the Hudson River.

Sir John Macdonald, the Canadian Premier, confirms the announcement that the Dominion Government is in communication with the Newfoundland Cabinet with a view to that colony joining the Canadian federation.

As a contribution towards the defences of the British Empire, the Maharajah of Cashmere has offered £100,000, the whole of his war material, and the services of himself and his troops.

The Government transport conveying exhibits to London for the forthcoming Italian Exhibition sailed on March 16 from Venice, calling at Bari, Palermo, Naples, Leghorn, and Genoa, and arrives in London between April 2 and 4.

March 13 was the seventh anniversary of the accession of Alexander III., Czar of Russia, who succeeded his father, Alexander II., on March 13, 1881, upon his death by the hands of Nihilist conspirators, who contrived to explode a bombshell so as to kill him when he stepped out of his carriage.

About midnight on March 8 the British barque *Lanonia* was wrecked off Portland, and of her crew of eighteen twelve were drowned, including the master. The *Sirenia*, of Glasgow, was wrecked next day at Atherley, Isle of Wight. The Brixton life-boat, Worcester Cadet, presented by the Thames Nautical Training College to the Life-Boat Institution, saved five lives; but in a second trip to the wreck was capsized, and the two coxswains were drowned; also the coxswain of the *Brook* life-boat, and a seaman and an apprentice.

We are authorised to announce that the Prince of Wales will hold a *Levée* on the Queen's behalf on Wednesday, March 21, instead of Saturday, March 17, as previously announced. Also that the Princess of Wales will, on her Majesty's behalf, hold a Drawingroom at Buckingham Palace at three o'clock on Saturday, March 24. All presentation cards issued for her Majesty's intended Drawingroom on March 9 will be available for March 24, but it is requested that a notice be sent to the Lord Chamberlain's office of those ladies who propose to be presented. All persons attending the *Levée* and Drawingroom are expected to appear in mourning, according to the published regulations.

"This Life is the great Schoolmaster, and Experience the Mighty Volume. It is only through woe that we are taught to reflect, and gather the honey of wisdom not from flowers but thorns."—LORD LYTTON.

AT HOME, MY HOUSEHOLD GOD; ABROAD, MY "VADE MECUM."

A GENERAL OFFICER, writing from Ascot on Jan. 2, 1886, says:—"Blessings on your 'FRUIT SALT'! I trust it is not profane to say so, but in common parlance, I swear by it. Here stands the cherished bottle on the chimneypiece of my sanctum, my little idol—at home my household god, abroad my 'vade mecum.' Think not this the rhapsody of a hypochondriac. No; it is only the outpouring of a grateful heart. The fact is, I am, in common, I daresay, with numerous old fellows of my age (67), now and then troubled with a tiresome liver. No sooner, however, do I use your cheery remedy than exit pain—'Richard is himself again!' So highly do I value your composition that, when taking it, I grudge even the sediment that will always remain at the bottom of the glass. I give, therefore, the following advice to those wise persons who have learned to appreciate its inestimable benefits—

When Eno's Salt betimes you take,

No waste of this Elixir make;

But drain the dregs, and tick the cup

Of this the perfect pick-me-up."

WRITING again on Jan. 24, 1888, he adds:—"Dear Sir,—A year or two ago I addressed you in

grateful recognition of the never-failing virtues of your world-famed remedy. The same old man in the same strain now salutes you with the following:—

When Time, who steals our years away,
Shall steal our pleasures too,

Eno's Fruit Salt will prove our stay,
And still our health renew."

FEVERS, BLOOD POISONS, &c.—"EGYPT, CAIRO.—Since my arrival in Egypt, in August last, I have on three occasions been attacked by fever, from which on the first occasions I lay in hospital for six weeks. The last attacks have been completely repulsed in a short time by the use of your valuable 'FRUIT SALT,' to which I owe my present health at the very least, if not my life itself. Heartfelt gratitude for my restoration and preservation impels me to add my testimony to the already overwhelming store of the same, and in so doing I feel that I am but obeying the dictates of my duty.—Believe me to be, Sir, gratefully yours, A CORPORAL 19TH HUSSARS.—May 26, 1883.—Mr. J. C. ENO."

C AUTION.—Examine each bottle, and see the Capsule is marked "ENO'S FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed upon by a worthless imitation. Sold by all Chemists.
PREPARED ONLY AT ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, LONDON, S.E.

The wildest scorner of the natural laws
Finds in a sober moment time to pause

To press the important question on his heart,
Why formed at all, and wherefore as thou art?

PLATO'S MEDITATION ON IMMORTALITY.

Born, 429; Died, 347 B.C.

"It must be so; Plato, thou reasonest well;
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after Immortality?
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the Soul
Back on itself, and startles at destruction?
Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
Tis Heaven itself that points to the Hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man."

ADDISON.



PLATO MEDITATING BEFORE SOCRATES, THE BUTTERFLY, SKULL, AND POPPY.
(The Portrait of Plato is copied from an exquisite gem of high antiquity in the British Museum.)

TO AID NATURE in CHILDHOOD, MIDDLE AGE, or ADVANCED LIFE, without force or strain, use **ENO'S "VEGETABLE MOTO"** (a simple Vegetable Extract), when combined with **ENO'S "FRUIT SALT."** They perform their work "silently as the twilight comes when the day is done"; and the patient is much astonished to find his bilious attack, &c., has completely fled before the simple and natural onslaught of the Moto. You cannot overstate their great value in keeping the Blood pure and preventing disease.

"ENO'S VEGETABLE MOTO."

[Trade
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(A NATURAL LAXATIVE, STOMACHIC, BILE, OR LIVER TONIC PILL.)

IMPORTANT TO ALL LEAVING HOME FOR A CHANGE.—ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" and ENO'S "VEGETABLE MOTO" ought to be kept in every house and every travelling trunk, in readiness for any emergency.

Disordered Stomach, Bilious Attacks, also Seaside Bilious Attacks.

A GENTLEMAN writes: "Dec. 27, 1887.—After twelve months' experience of the value of the 'Vegetable Moto,' I unhesitatingly recommend their use in preference to any other medicine, more particularly in bilious attacks; their action is so gentle and yet so effective that nothing equals them in my opinion. They have never failed to give the wished-for relief. I take them at any hour, and frequently in conjunction with a small glass of Eno's 'FRUIT SALT.'—Yours gratefully, ONE WHO KNOWS."

Eno's "Vegetable Moto" of all Chemists, price 1s. 1d.; post-free, 1s. 3d.

PREPARED ONLY AT ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, LONDON, S.E.



"88" JEWELLERY (REGISTERED).

"When '88' you see,
Good luck it brings to thee."—OLD SONG.



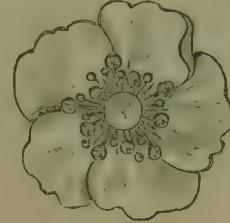
Platinum and Gold Bracelet, £4 1s. and £5 5s.
Brilliant Bracelet, £25. Ruby and Diamonds, £10.

Also as Brooches, &c., in Gems, or Platinum and Gold.

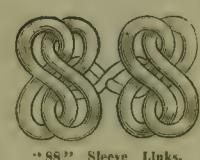
Lady's Watch Chain with Brilliant Ball
Pendant, 7 in. long, £25.



Also forms Bracelet.



Gold Enamelled
"Wild Rose"
Brooch,
Pearl and Diamond
Centre, 20 6s.



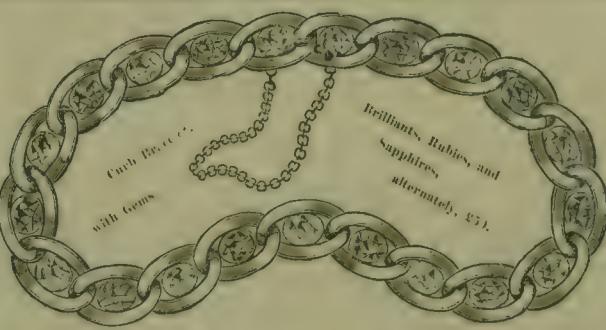
"Primrose" Brooch,
New Unglazed Enamelled
Gold, with Brilliant Centre,
22 8s. and 25 5s.

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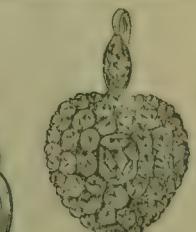
Cuckoo
Chain
with Gems
Brilliants, Rubies, and
Sapphires, alternately, £31.

Fine Brilliant Crescent
Brooch or Hair Pin, £15.

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Fighting Cock,
24 1s.

Diamonds,
24 1s.

Brilliants,
20.



"Heart" Pendant,
Finest White Brilliant,
£50.



Brilliant Star Brooch
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And at 28, Royal Exchange, E.C.
STEAM FACTORY: 62 & 64, LUDGATE-HILL, E.C.



1. Necklace of diamonds and sapphires, presented by the Emperor and Empress of Russia.
 2. Brooch of silver and diamonds, presented by the Queen.
 3. Two-handed Irish Silver Cup, from Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar.
 4. Silver Card-Basket, from the Duke and the Duchess of Cambridge.
 5. One of fifteen Old Irish Silver Cups, presented by the Irish Peers.
 6. Tiara of diamonds, presented by 365 Ladies personally acquainted with the Princess.

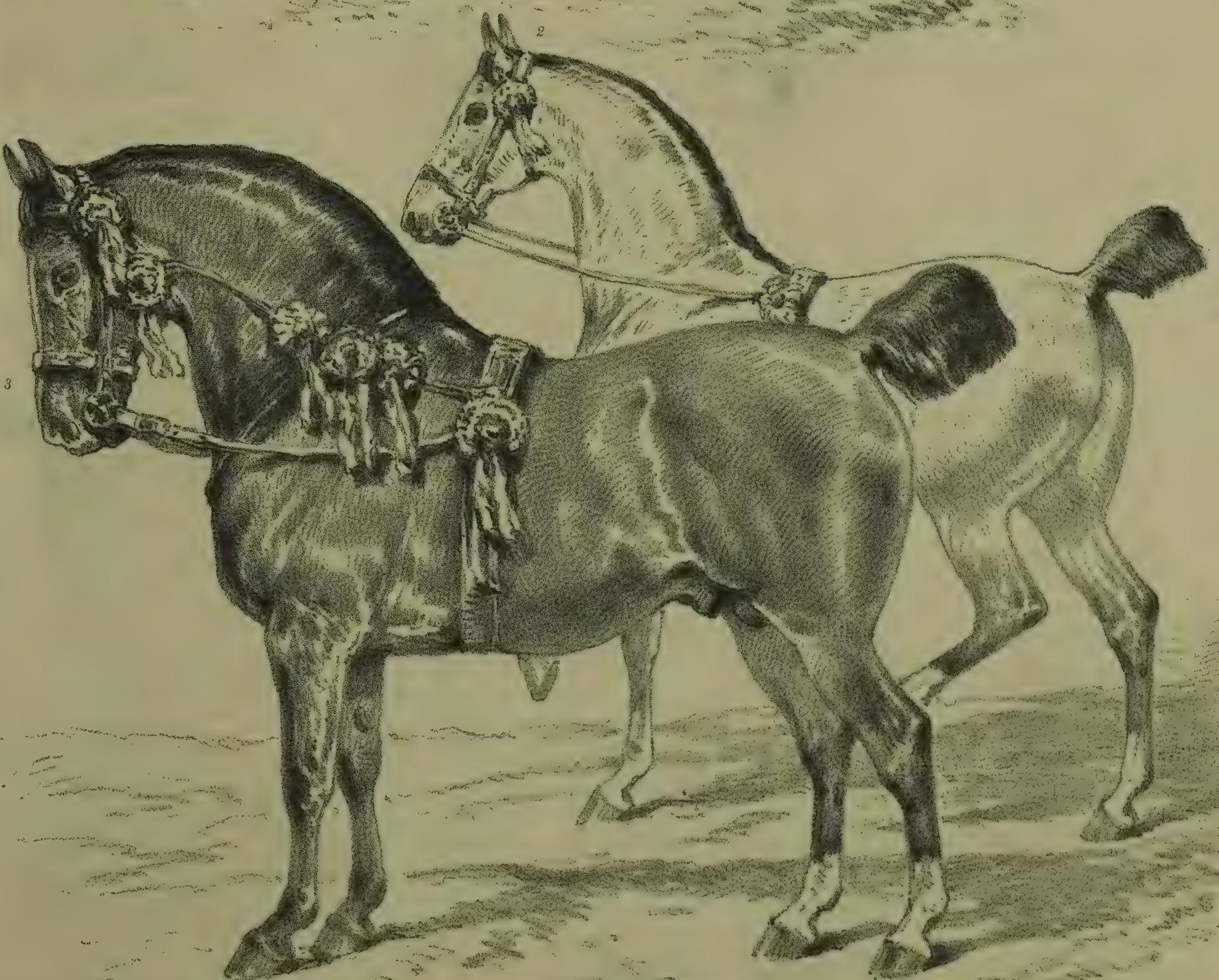
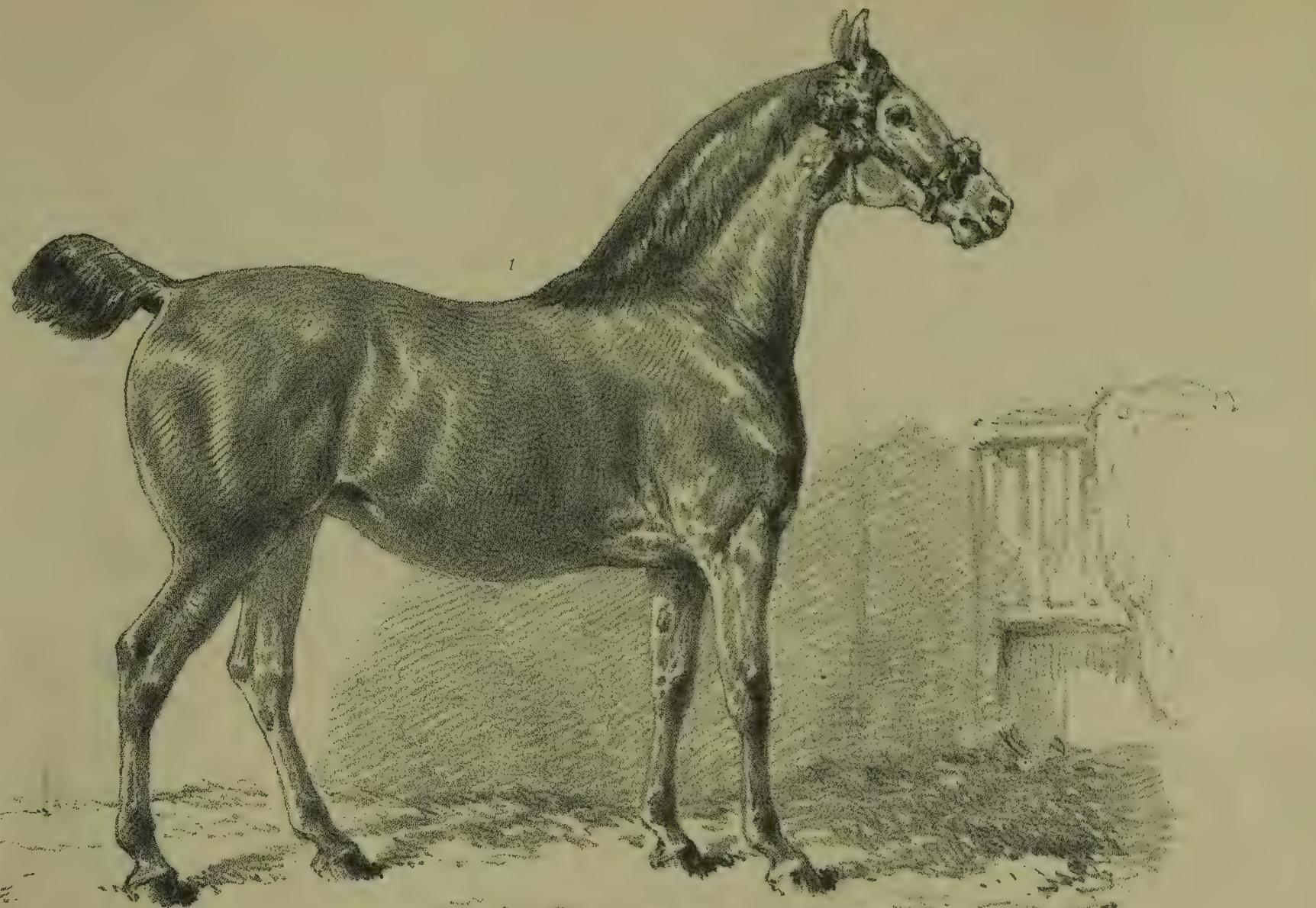
7. Silver Travelling-Clock in Leather Case, from the Prince of Wales to the Princess.
 8. Cross set in diamonds and rubies, given by the Prince of Wales to the Princess.
 9. Silver Flagon, presented by the Servants of the Prince of Wales's Household.
 10. Outside of case in Silver containing an Address from the Tradesmen of the Prince and Princess of Wales.
 11. Silver Flagon, presented by the Queen.



BORN, MARCH 22, 1797.

DIED, MARCH 9, 1888.

THE LATE GERMAN EMPEROR WILLIAM I., KING OF PRUSSIA.



1. The Marc Primrose.

2. Tip Top Shot, Son of Great Shot.

3. Reality, winner of a Special Cup for the best Horse in Classes I., II., III.

PRIZE WINNERS AT THE HACKNEY HORSE SHOW.

PRIZE HORSES.

The Hackney Horse Society and the Hunters' Improvement Society closed on March 9 their fourth London show of horses at the Royal Agricultural Hall at Islington. There can be no doubt of the increase in the number of valuable horses these combined societies have caused to be produced in this country. The idea of the Hackney Horse Society, first promoted by the Prince of Wales and Mr. Anthony Hamond, for the registration of the pedigrees of horses, must have conferred an enormous benefit on farmers and other breeders of horses, enabling them to realize much larger prices—often running into three figures, sometimes even four—for the animals bred under these new regulations. The horse in the front of our Illustration is Reality, bred and exhibited by Mr. W. Flanders, of Bridge Farm, Mepal, Cambridgeshire. This horse is twelve years old, winner of special cups as best horse in Classes 1, 2, and 3; of the Champion Cup, as best in all classes, and of Mr. Gilbey's gold medal and Challenge Cup, as best animal in the hackney classes of the show—successes which he has now repeated for several consecutive years. Behind him is a remarkably beautiful colt, now barely two years old, and son of the famous horse Great Shot, and, after him, named Tip-top Shot. He forms an interesting contrast, by his youth, to the veteran in front; and his introduction is warranted by his having been awarded the first prize in a very strongly represented class. He is the property of Mr. A. Lewis, of Heasham Church Farm, near Lynn, who is also now the owner of Great Shot.

At the top of the Illustration is the mare Primrose, which has been awarded the championship and other honours as the best mare in all the hackney classes. She was bred and is owned by Mr. Henry Moore, of Burn Butts, Cranwick, Hull.

and is sister to his beautiful mare Princess, a great prize-winner, whose likeness appeared in this Journal, with a fine foal by her side, on the occasion of her success at the meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society at Norwich two years ago. Princess, with her foal, unfortunately died, victims to some fatal epidemic caught while travelling.

The Admiralty have bought for £8000 the steam-yacht Lady Aline, which is to be fitted up for the use of the Admiral Superintendent of Naval Reserves. They have also agreed to give £600 for the steam-yacht Hiawatha, which is to be placed at the disposal of the Commander-in-Chief at the Nore.

A bazaar was opened on March 13 in the Kensington Townhall in aid of the unendowed French Protestant Institutions and charities in London, under the superintendence of Pasteur du Pontet de la Harpe. The ceremony was to have been performed by Princess Beatrice, but in consequence of the death of the German Emperor her Royal Highness was unable to attend.

BIRTH.

Feb. 29, at Westfield, Westfield-road, Edgbaston, the wife of Whitworth Wallis, F.R.G.S., Director of the Museum and Art Gallery, Birmingham, of a daughter.

DEATHS.

On March 3, at his residence, Plas Llecha, Tredunnoe, Monmouthshire, Mr. Josiah Richards, J.P., D.L., aged 64.

On March 8, at 4, The Residences, South Kensington Museum, Matilda, for nearly forty-six years the beloved wife of George Wallis, F.S.A., Keeper of the Art Collections, South Kensington Museum; in her 70th year. Indian papers please copy.

* The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS VOLUNTEERS.

The volunteer corps of a large number of the principal public schools assembled at Aldershot on March 14 to take part in a field-day and review with the regular troops, the first that has been held there this year. The operations took place on the high ground east of the camp, where, in a very keen wind, all the troops were gathered by noon. The young volunteers were divided into two bodies—one consisting of the companies from Eton College, Bedford, Dulwich, Winchester, and Haileybury, numbering about five hundred, under Major Durnford, of Eton; and the other of the companies from Harrow, Marlborough, Rugby, Clifton, Wellington College, Oxford, and Bradfield, nearly six hundred strong, under Colonel Cox, of the Royal Irish Fusiliers. Major Durnford's battalion was incorporated with the northern force of the day, commanded by Major-General Buchanan, and made up (besides the public school boys) of the Royal Dragoons, a field battery, the Light Infantry Company of the new Mounted Infantry Regiment, and the battalions of the King's Own Borderers, the Royal Sussex, and the Middlesex Regiments. On the other, or southern side, Major-General Philip Smith had the 18th Hussars, the Rifle Company of the Mounted Infantry, the line battalion of the 2nd Infantry Brigade, and a field battery. There was a march-past at the close, in which the Mounted Infantry adopted a rather new procedure, the greater part of the men marched in lines on foot, their horses following in charge of their comrades, four horses to one man. Major-General Cooper was principal umpire in the absence of Sir Archibald Alison.

The warrant and non-commissioned officers of the 1st Life Guards held their annual ball at Willis's Rooms on March 9.

LYCEUM THEATRE.

LAST SEVEN NIGHTS OF MISS MARY ANDERSON'S SEASON.

Sole Lessee, Mr. Henry IRVING.

MISS MARY ANDERSON AS HERMIONE and PERDITA in Shakspeare's WINTER'S TALES. EVERY EVENING AT 8.15. MESSRS. J. FORBES-ROBERTSON, F. H. MACKINNON, M. MACLEAN, G. WARDE, W. H. STEPHEN, J. ANDERSON, A. LEWIS, F. MELLISH, PIGDEN, H. L. WYNNE, J. WYLIES, R. H. LITTON, and CHARLES COLETTE. MEDAILLES JOHN BILLINGTON, ZEPHYR TILBURY, MARY ASTOR, MARY HOWE, E. DESMOND, HELEN Dacre, and MISS MARY ANDERSON. PRECEDED AT 7.30, BY THE FARCE VANDYKE BROWN. DOORS OPEN AT 7. LAST MORNING PERFORMANCE OF THE SEASON, WEDNESDAY NEXT, MARCH 21, AT TWO O'CLOCK. PYGMALION and GALATEA. SEATS SHOULD BE SECURED AT ONCE. BOX-OFFICE (MR. J. HURST) OPEN FROM TEN TILL FIVE; OR BY LETTER OR TELEGRAM.

Manager, Mr. C. J. ABUD.

JEPHTHAH'S VOW, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—Three New Pictures—1. "Jephthah's Return." 2. "On the Mountains." 3. "The Martyr."—NOW ON VIEW, with his celebrated "ANNO DOMINI," "ZEUXIS AT CROTONE," &c., AT THE GALLERIES, 168, NEW BOND-STREET, TEN TO SIX. ADMISSION, ONE SHILLING.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORE'S LAST GREAT PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW ON VIEW AT THE DORE GALLERY, 35, NEW BOND-STREET, WITH HIS OTHER GREAT PICTURES. TEN TO SIX DAILY. ONE SHILLING.

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VIRGINIA TENNANT. BY THE AUTHOR OF "A GOLDEN BIR." "CHRISTINA NORTH." 2 vols.

ONLY A CORAL GIRL. BY GERTRUDE FORDE, Author of "Driven Before the Storm," &c. 3 vols.

A FAIR CRUSADER: A Story of To-day. BY WILLIAM WESTALL, Author of "Larry Lohengrin," &c. 2 vols.

A BRETON MAIDEN. BY A FRENCH LADY, Author of "Till my Wedding Day." 3 vols.

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NEW WORK BY WILLIAM MORRIS, Author of "The Earthly Paradise." In small crown 8vo, cloth, paper label, 4s. 6d.

A DREAM OF JOHN BALL AND A KING'S LESSON. With Illustration by E. Burne-Jones. London: REEVES and TURNER, 196, STRAND, W.C.

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OLD SHIRTS REFITTED.

New Fronts, Cuffs, Neckbands, with Fine Irish Linen, 2s.; or with very best Irish Linen, returned free, ready to wear, 2s. 6d. each. New Shirts for Dress or ordinary wear, best quality long cloth and 4-fold finest Irish Linen Fronts. Sample Shirt, any size, post-free, 3s. 9d., 4s. 9d., 5s. 9d., or 6s. 9d.

IRISH UNDERCLOTHING.

Flannel Petticoats, in White or Scarlet—Plain Tucked, from 3s. 6d.; Hand Embroidered, from 4s. 6d. Flannel Drawers—Plain, from 2s. 6d.; Embroidered, from 3s. 6d. Flannel Bodices, from 2s. 6d. Better qualities equally cheap.

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TABLE LINEN. NAPKINS, 2s. 6d. per dozen; DINNER NAPKINS, 4s. 6d. per dozen; TABLE CLOTHS, 2s. 6d. per yard, 5s. 6d. each; KITCHEN TABLE CLOTHS, 11d. each. IRISH LINENS—Real Irish Linen Sheetings, fully bleached, 2 yards wide, 1s. 11d. per yard; Fine Linens and Linen Diaper, 8d. per yard; NURSERY DIAPER, 4d. per yard; SURPLICE LINEN, 7d. per yard; GLASS CLOTHS, 3s. 6d. per dozen; LINEN TOWELS, 3s. 6d. per dozen; HUCKABACK TOWELS, 4s. per dozen; DAMASK TOWELS, 6s. 6d. per dozen; TURKISH BATH TOWELS, 1s. each.

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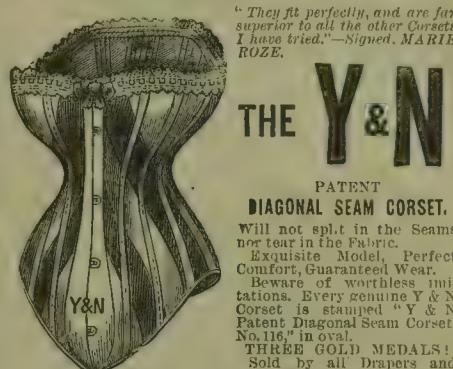
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THEATRICAL SEASON, 1888.

This commences on Jan. 3, and will continue every Tuesday and Friday during the month of March, when one of the following Favourite Comic Operas will be performed:—

"Les Monnaies de la Reine," "La Prés au Clercs," "Lalla-Rouk," "Violetta," "Richard Coeur-de-Lion," "Barbier de Séville," "Songe d'une Nuit d'Été," "Mignon," "Lakme," "Zampa," and the "Diamants de la Couronne."

PRINCIPAL ARTISTES.

Mesdames Bilbaut Vauchelle, Sall, Adèle Isaac (of the Comic Opera).

Mdlle. Hammann, of the Opera.

Mdlle. Sigrid Arnolds, of Covent-Garden.

Messrs. Talazac, Nicol (Tenors).

Dezeno, of the Comic Opera.

Mr. Frederic Boyer (Baritone).

T W E N T Y G R A N D C O N C E R T S

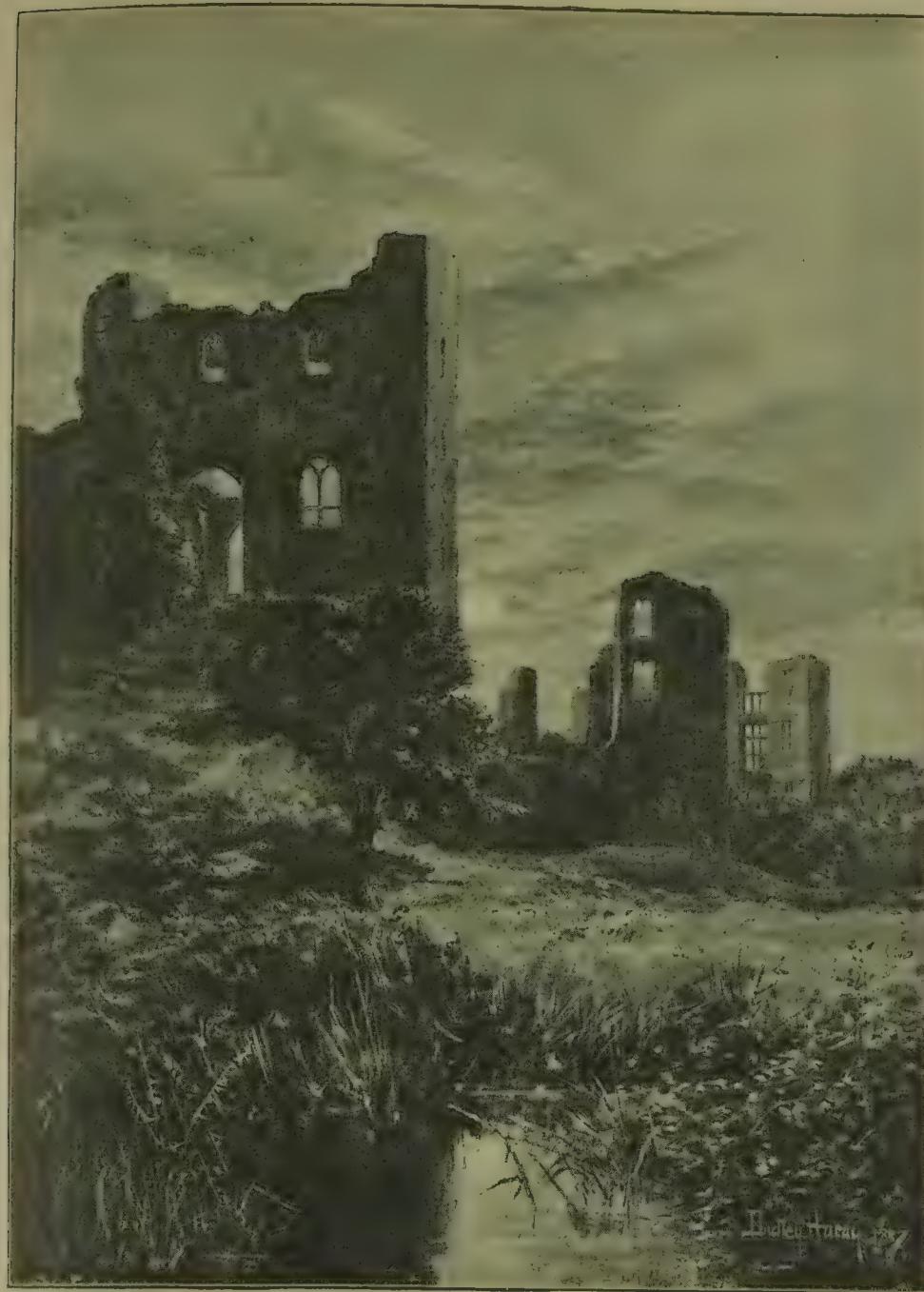
of Ancient and Modern CLASSICAL MUSIC, every Thursday, at 2.30 p.m. (Holy Thursday excepted) commenced Nov. 24.

RACING ENGAGEMENTS.

CANNES RACES.—March 15 and 17, 1888.

A IX-LES-BAINS. SAVOY.—Rheumatism cured. Most important of Continental Sulphur Spas. Eleven hours from Paris. Rheumatism, sciatica, gout, and catarrh of the pharynx, larynx, and nasal passages efficaciously treated. The most celebrated doctors attend this luxurious and curative station.

L U C E R N E.—Hôtels Schweizerhof and Lucernehof. An extra floor and two new lifts added to the Schweizerhof. The electric light is supplied in the 500 rooms; no charge for lighting or service.



A phantom castle indeed; for the moonlight had robbed the ruddy stone of its colour, and it was now of a pale and silvery grey.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A HOUSE-BOAT.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER XII.

"And in that Manor now no more
Is cheerful feast and sprightly ball;
For ever since that dreary hour
Have spirits haunted Cumnor Hall.
"The village maids, with fearful glance,
Avoid the ancient moss-grown wall;
Nor ever lead the merry dance
Among the groves of Cumnor Hall.
"Full many a traveller oft hath sighed,
And penitively wept the Countess' fall,
As wandering onwards they've espied
The haunted towers of Cumnor Hall."

OUR servant, Colonel!" says a tall and slim young lady, as she appears at the door of the saloon, and makes a very fair imitation of a military salute. But if Mrs. Threepenny-bit—or Colonel Anne, as she is supposed to be—has any wish to check the young person's impertinence, it so happens that she has just had the means placed at her disposal.

"Look here, Peggy," she says, "Mr. Duncombe has been over to the town, and was kind enough to ask for letters. This one is for you; and the post-mark is Oxford."

"Oh, thank you," Miss Peggy says to the young man; "I'm sure I never should have thought of asking for letters at Warwick: I told them Stratford-on-Avon; for I suppose we shall stay there a day or two."

"But, Peggy," says Mrs. Threepenny-bit again, "the post-mark is Oxford: what friends have you in Oxford?"

"It may be a bill," she says carelessly, as she takes the envelope in her hand and proceeds to open it, "though I thought we had paid for everything. Oh, no, it's from Mr. A'Beckett."

She ran her eye over the two or three pages in a negligent fashion.

"Oh—he can't get away at present—did I tell you he spoke of coming over to Warwick to see how we were getting along?—and—and there are some inscriptions in a church in Bath that we are to look at—and Gloucester Cathedral—coloured figures on tombs—oh, I dare say we shall find all that in the guide-books. Then there are kind regards and remembrances to everybody—that's all."

She put the letter into her pocket with a fine air of indifference. Mrs. Threepenny-bit said not a word. Murdoch came in with breakfast; and presently we were all at table.

Now, Miss Peggy was in the highest of spirits; perhaps because of the unwonted brightness and cheerfulness of the morning, perhaps because she was looking forward with an

eager interest to this ancient town we were about to enter. All her talk—which chiefly consisted of questions—was of earls, and tournaments, and crusades; of Simon De Montfort, and Piers Gaveston, and "the black hound of Arden"; of pleasures, and moats, and battlements.

"It will be just splendid!" she exclaimed. "Oh, you don't understand a bit—you can't understand why, all that mediaeval time reads to me like a fairy tale; it is so far away; it isn't real; you can't believe in it. But when you come to see the actual walls—the towers built by So-and-so and So-and-so—the tilting-yard—the gardens—the great kitchens—and all that, then you begin to think that the things actually happened, and that the tremendous festivities really took place. Say, now, how big must that round table have been that could let a hundred knights and a hundred ladies sit down to dinner all at once?"

Naturally we looked to Jack Duncombe for the desired information. He was smart at figures; the calculation was not an abstruse one; and he ought to have sympathised with the laudable curiosity shown by our young American friend. Perhaps he did not hear; perhaps he was in a resentful mood; anyhow, he took no notice of her question. Indeed, it was patent to all of us that throughout this meal he was most unusually pre-occupied and silent; and when, some time thereafter, we had packed a few things together, and were ready to set forth for the town, he did

not offer to accompany Miss Peggy (who was first ashore as usual) but hung behind and followed with his hostess. So far as we could hear, the conversation between these two was of a somewhat intermittent character—though Queen Tita was as courteous as ever; for her quarrels are soon over, and not a word had been said about Prince Charlie all the morning.

But as for this Rosslyn girl, as we walked along the pleasant country road towards the town, she appeared to have taken leave of her senses altogether. Perhaps the unaccustomed sunlight had got into her brain; perhaps she was enjoying a fierce delight in her release from the strict surveillance that hemmed her in on board the Nameless Barge; at all events, a dafter lassie could not that morning have been found within the shores of these three islands. It was conundrums she was busy with. Where she had got them—or whether she had made them herself—it was impossible to say; but about her implacable persistence in propounding them there could be no doubt. Short of throwing her over the fence there was no way of escape from her. And what a diabolical ingenuity ran through those insanities; and with what an amiable innocence—with what serious, scarcely-smiling lips, and grave, sweet eyes—she continued her maddening questions!

"Come, now, I will give you an easy one!"—
"Oh, go away with you!"

"No, but really this is a very simple one—even you might find it out. Come now, have a try. I wouldn't give in, if I were a man; I would have a try, anyway. I thought men never were afraid of anything; at least they pretend never to be afraid."

"Sometimes they are. Sometimes they are afraid of being bitten—when they find themselves in a lonely country road, with a creature gone mad."

"I suppose you think that is sarcasm. Well, never mind. Tell me this, now—Why is Lord Wolseley the most extraordinary General that ever lived?"

"Oh, what do you know about Lord Wolseley!"

"I ask you a simple question, and you can't answer it. Men think themselves so clever—and yet you can't answer that! Well, I'll tell you. I'll have pity on you. I wouldn't leave you to worry your head all day about a simple thing like that. It's because he not only took Cairo, but Damietta."

"Look here, young lady, let me give you a solemn warning: those people are not more than six yards behind, and if you don't take care, you'll be getting 'what for.' How would you like to be sent back to the boat, and shut up on bread and water?"

"I did think you could answer a simple question," the demon continues; but suddenly she alters her tone. "Well, now, what kind of a building is that?"

We had come in view of a remarkably handsome structure, close to the roadside, but most picturesquely embowered in foliage—the fragrant lilac-trees, in full blossom, being chiefly conspicuous.

"I should say it was a jail."

"A jail? Oh, I suppose they ought to make the outside of a jail attractive. That's moral. The outside of a jail ought to be the most attractive side of it. Say, don't you feel a kind of satisfaction in going past a jail—on the outside?"

"I don't know that I do."

"That isn't the feeling you have? Perhaps it's rather more a kind of surprise."

"Very good—very good; we are getting on. This is what

the young people of the present day call manners. This is their respect for age. I shouldn't be surprised to see two she-bears come out from behind those bushes and rend you in bits."

"I say," she continues—just as if this suddenly confidential appeal were the most natural thing in the world, "what is the matter with Mr. Duncombe?"

"You, most likely."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, he may have been forming exalted ideas of the feminine character—young men are soft-headed enough to do that sometimes, you know. And then—and then—he may have seen a young lady unblushingly open a letter—yes, and read the contents aloud, too—a letter from a middle-aged Oxford don whom she has bamboozled out of his senses in the course of a couple of evenings. He may have been shocked by such a display of callousness!"

"Oh, nothing of the sort. Don't you make any mistake?"

says Miss Peggy, with decision (and it may be admitted that she has observant eyes). "There is something troubling him—something serious."

"Perhaps it's Prince Charlie."

"Well, how could he be so stupid as to bring up that—that absurd story again and again when he ought to have seen he was vexing your wife?" says Miss Peggy, who seems to have recovered her sanity. "And I'm sure she is right. There must have been something fine and heroic about the young Prince; or he couldn't have won the hearts of all those people in such a fashion. I think—yes, I think if I had been with those Edmonstone girls, I should have been a little bit envious, too—of the cousin, I mean."

"Really? Another convert to the white cockade?"

"What do you think, now, about that letter last night?" she continues. "Do you think she has asked Colonel Cameron to come and sail with us for a bit?—you know she was hinting at it."

"More likely she has written to tell him we shall be returning through the southern counties, and asking him if he would care to ride over from Aldershot, when we are at some near point, and lunch with us. That is more likely, I fancy. But why do you ask? Have you any curiosity about him, simply because he is a Cameron, and related to some of the people who were out in the '45?"

"Why, of course!" she says, with a quick glance of surprise. "It makes all those things seem so much more near and actual. But I don't think I could ever get you to understand—I mean, how it strikes anyone brought up in America. By-the-way, sometimes I hear your wife speaking of him as 'Inverfask': is that the way he is ordinarily addressed?"

"No, not ordinarily. His neighbours in the north would call him 'Inverfask.' Then the people on his own place speak of him as 'The Cornel.' Then he is 'Ewen' to his family; and 'Cameron' to his intimates, and 'Sir Ewen' or 'Colonel Cameron' to acquaintances; so that you have plenty of variety, you see."

"And you always put 'V.C.' on the envelope, if you are writing to him?" asks this diligent student of old-world ways.

"Generally."

"Is he so very proud of it?"

"There is not much vanity about the Cornel. But the Victoria Cross is the proudest thing that an Englishman can wear; and it is open to any soldier to win—the private in the ranks as well as his officer."

"For some special act of courage in battle?" she continues thoughtfully. "I think if I were a man I should be proud to have that; and you might say it was vanity if you liked. It is curious what different ambitions people have. I suppose, now, what Mr. Duncombe mostly thinks about is being called on the stage after the production of a play, and having all the critics praise it next morning."

"If Mr. Duncombe doesn't mind," one says to her, "the critics will arise and tear him piecemeal. I hear he has been writing an article on the present lamentable condition of the British drama, and no doubt he puts all the mischief down to those bold, bad, heartless men."

"What is Colonel Cameron like?" she asks, with a suddenness which shows how little concerned she is about the condition of the British or any other drama.

"When you see him, you will probably call him a long, red-headed Scotchman—that's about all."

"Rather blunt—and—and overbearing, is he?"

"Overbearing! He comes of the same stock as 'the gentle Lochiel'."

"And yet the Camerons are a fighting race, aren't they?—there are so many references!"

"Oh, yes, they have done a little in that way—now and again—during the past century or two."

"I should like to see him," she says simply; and then her attention is claimed by the buildings of the town of Warwick, which lies before us.

And, indeed, it is quite a pleasant task to be cicerone to this young American person, as we go along these wide, quiet, old-fashioned streets; for her quick appreciation of anything shown her—especially if it have any kind of historical interest—needs no spurring; while she herself has a sharp eye for any ancient gateway or similar relic surviving among more modern stonework. Moreover, she is now introduced for the first time



She would stand riveted before this one or that.

to the Warwickshire cottage of brick and timber, with its overhanging eaves, its peaked gables, and its casements studded with small green panes. And nothing will do for Miss Peggy but that to one of these old houses—to this one, she says, or that one over there—William Shakespeare used often to come on a visit, or perhaps on business. Of course he would ride over from Stratford (she says) and come up this very street; and pull up his horse just there—by the side of that causeway; and give the bridle to a lad to hold; and then go up those steps to the door. Would that be the same knocker—that knocker there? Or most likely, in this quiet place, the door would be open; he would simply walk in, and call for the people of the house.

"Yes," said Miss Peggy, contemplatively. "I think he would have rather a loud voice—being good-humoured and merry—and the people mightn't be there—he would call for them. And of course the first thing they would do, on recognising the voice, would be to hurry away one of the maids to fetch a jug of ale and some cakes. Cecily or Dorothy, it might be, and I suppose she would run quickly. I should, if in her place."

"Peggy, whatever are you staring at?" says Mrs. Threepenny-bit, happening to come up at this moment.

"Oh, nothing," the girl answers—rather absently—and goes on again.

But when it came to be a question of churches, choirs, monuments, mural inscriptions, and so forth, one found one's occupation entirely gone. It was Miss Peggy who was guide. It was she who took us to the tomb of Thomas Earl of Warwick, and knew all about his having fought in the Holy Land, and at Cressy and Poictiers. It was she who discovered for us the sarcophagus bearing the words—"Fulke Greville, Servant to Queen Elizabeth, Counsellor to King James, and Friend to Sir Philip Sidney." And when we came to the two marble figures of the Earl and Countess of Leicester, she knew that it was not the hapless Amy Robsart who was lying there in the silence, her hands clasped in stony prayer, but Leicester's third wife, Lettice Knowles. We had no idea that this young American stranger had been so diligent a student. It quite reconciled us (after many long years of abstention) to figuring in the capacity of tourists. And her interest in these old things was so fresh, so natural, and so unstinted, that it was beautiful to look at. Even when we had got back to our hotel to lunch, she was all eagerness and chatter about what she had seen and what she was going to see.

But the equanimity of our small party was now about to receive an unexpected shock. We were discussing plans. We had discovered that the Avon is not navigable between Stratford and Tewkesbury; and so had resolved to get round to the Severn by the Warwick and Birmingham Canal. Meanwhile we could certainly get by canal as far as Stratford; but as we should have to turn back there, it was proposed, in order to avoid going over this part of the route twice, to send on the Nameless Barge under care of Captain Columbus, while we should run through to Stratford by rail (thus giving Miss Peggy as much time there as possible) and then join the ship again, to continue our voyage northward and westward. What, then, was our astonishment, to hear Jack Duncombe calmly say to his hostess, who had been putting some questions to him—

"I am afraid, if it comes to that, I must ask you to leave me out. I—I am very sorry—but I fear I shall have to go back to town. Of course, it isn't like breaking up the party: you can easily get some one to take my place. I assure you I am sorry enough to go, for the trip so far has been most delightful; and you will soon be getting to even more interesting districts; but I think—yes, I think it will be safer if you count me out."

For a second there was an awkward silence: Mrs. Threepenny-bit seemed afraid to ask him the reason for this sudden resolve.

"I hope it is nothing serious?" she ventured to say, however.

"Oh, no, I think not," he said evasively; and then he added: "I should fancy you would find it all plain sailing now until you get to the Severn; and then you'll want a steam-tug or something of the kind to take you down to Bristol. I will get to know whether the Thames and Severn Canal is navigable, in case you should prefer to return that way, and drop you a line. The Kennet and Avon Canal, I know, is open."

He was talking in quite a matter-of-fact fashion; but he seemed depressed a little. Then, when luncheon was over, he said he would walk along to the telegraph-office, and join us subsequently at the Castle, whither we were shortly bound. At the same moment Miss Peggy went away to her own room, to fetch her guide-books; and the instant she had shut the door behind her, Queen Tita was free to express her astonishment—and her suspicions.

"Now really do you think that wretch has been at her tricks again?" she demands.

"What wretch?—what tricks?"

"Why, what should he be going away for so suddenly if he hadn't quarrelled with her?" she says. "What other reason can there be? Oh, I know she was pretending to behave very well; and you would have thought there was nothing between them but ordinary acquaintanceship—well, I don't know—he has been very devoted—and all I cared about it was that no blame could fall on me—it would have been a very good match if it had been a match. But what can this mean? Surely he can't be so hard hit that he must needs be mightily offended because she has been amusing herself a little with Mr. A'Becket—and getting a letter or two?"

"You don't imagine he is such a fool; what could it matter to him her getting twenty dozen letters from Mr. A'Becket?"

"Oh, you don't know. She is pretty clever at leading people on—even when she pretends to be most innocent. And if it isn't that, what is it?" demands this creature again, whose very ignorance she brings forward as an argument. "However, if he wishes to go, I suppose we must let him go."

take his place. This was the result of our young Dramatist's unfortunate vaunting of his Alfieri project. Peggy must see the kind of men who went out in the '45 to follow the white cockade of the Chevalier. Nor had Mrs. Tom-tit any regard either for the interests of England: Sir Ewen Cameron must needs be summoned away from his serious duties at Aldershot—all to convince this young minx of an American.

And when that daughter of the Stars and Stripes reappeared—as she did almost directly—one was almost ashamed to see how radiant, and cheerful, and self-complacent she was. Even supposing that she had nothing to do with the young man's so suddenly parting company with us, at least she might have affected some little sorrow. If compunction was out of the question, if her heart was incapable of experiencing any such emotion, at least she could have said it was a pity he was leaving. Had he not been her devoted slave all the way through? Had he not mended pencils for her, and tuned the banjo strings, and carried her wraps for her with the most patient assiduity? It is true she did casually mention his

going, and expressed to us the hope that, whatever might be the cause, we should find him returning to the Nameless Barge later on in our wanderings. But she was plainly all eagerness to be off to Warwick Castle: and she got hold of Mrs. Threepenny-bit by the arm, and dragged her down the staircase and out into the open thoroughfare with an ostentation of affectionate companionship which was perhaps just a little bit uncalled-for. For, after all, they didn't know their way; and it served them right that they had to pull up and ask. One did not wish to triumph over them, of course—although Miss Peggy's glance of defiant malice had a sort of challenge in it—but still it was pointed out to them that the formation of secret societies was a futile thing as amongst women, and that they would do much better not to profess a mystery that didn't, and couldn't (by reason of their tongues) exist.

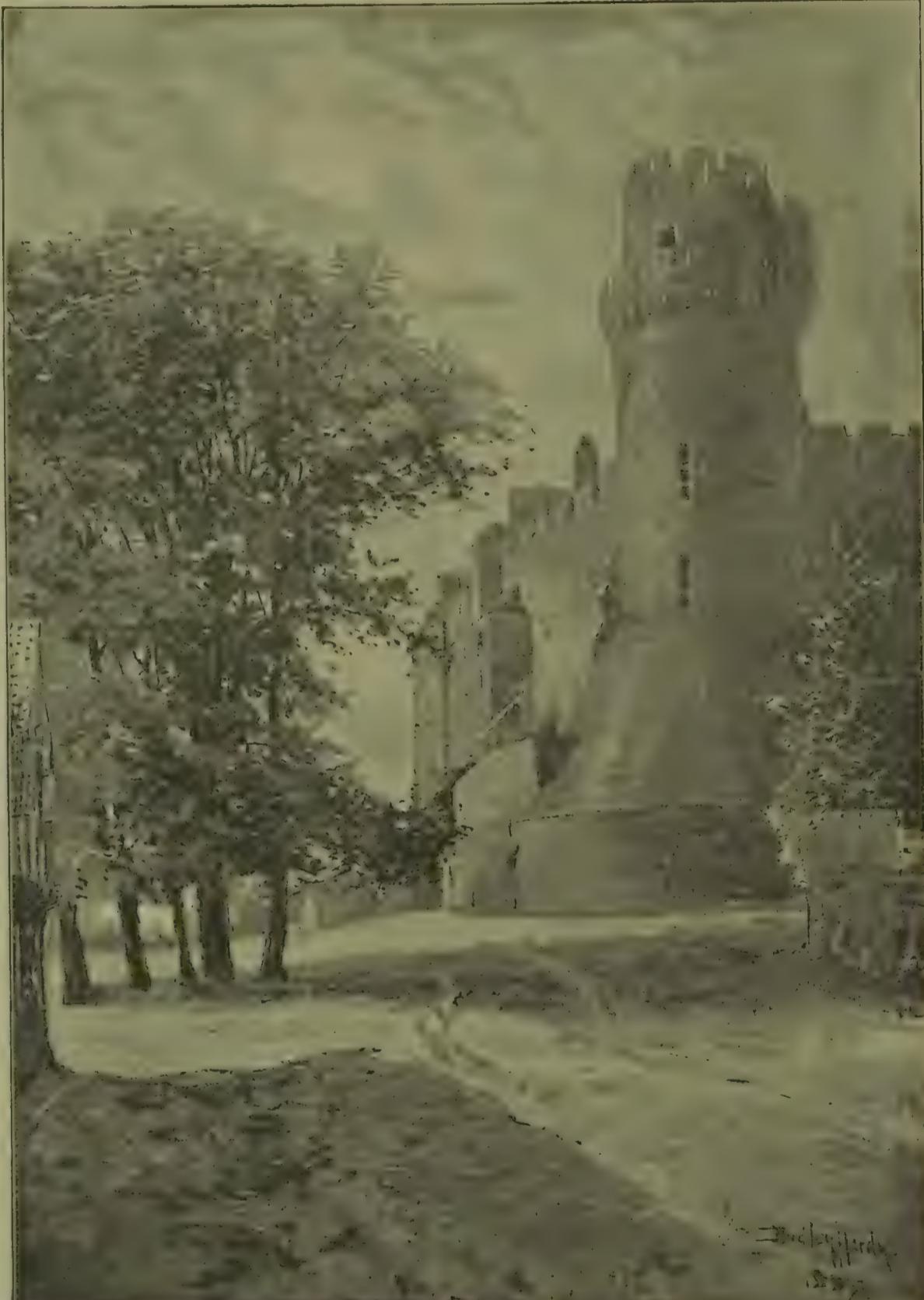
We found Jack Duncombe at the gateway, but before going in he begged the women-folk (for he still kept up the pretence of being their escort, despite his pre-occupied looks and his imminent departure), he begged them to accompany him a little way down Mill-street, where he assured them they would get a very striking view of the castle. Striking, indeed, it was; it almost looked as if it had been designed by a drawing-master: the great grey frontage, with Cæsar's Tower and Guy's Tower, rising into the pale blue and white of the summer sky; and all around the base of the mighty walls a kind of fringe of picturesqueness—the yellow waters of the Avon flowing between rich green meadows, a broken bridge whose buttresses were masses of ivy, a dilapidated mill-wheel and some tumble-down old cottages of brick and timber. But one has observed before that it is rarely the picturesqueness of a place that attracts Miss Peggy; it is rather the human interest of it: and as we are walking back to the main entrance she says to the person who happens to be her companion for the time being—

"I suppose, now, you think I ought to be struck by the great age of a castle that was founded by a daughter of Alfred the Great. Well, it is quite the opposite. These things seem to bring far-back centuries quite close up, and you begin to imagine that the time has not been so long, and long, and long as it always appeared to be. I remember I used to think of everything you read about in the New Testament as having happened ages and ages ago—as being quite separated and

away from us—it all seemed to have no kind of connection with the actual existing world: well, you come and see a place like this, standing before you, and you are told that King Alfred's daughter began to build the fortress in 900 and something—why, that's half-way back—that is, half-way back to all that took place by the side of the Lake of Galilee. That seems very strange, somehow."

Her speech was rather incoherent; but one could make out some glimmering of what she meant. And it was also interesting to notice how, inside the castle—in those magnificent halls stored with costly treasures gathered from all parts of the world—she turned with comparative indifference from buhl and ormolu, from marqueterie tables and Indian bowls and Etruscan vases, to pay curious attention to the portraits. She would stand riveted before this one or that—Mary, Queen of Scots, it might be, or Anne Boleyn, or the Marquis of Montrose, or Charles I.—apparently striving to read into their features something of what she knew of their story. But, of course, she was greatly charmed by the situation of Lady Warwick's boudoir—with its windows overlooking the magnificent trees and the winding valley of the Avon; and here it was that Queen Tita came forward and took the girl by the hand and led her out on to a small stone balcony.

"Here is a view for you, Peggy," she said. "And, do you know, I am certain this was the kind of snug corner that Lady Mary Anne had all to herself, where she could look down on the young fellows playing at the ball. I suppose you don't know that ballad?"



Striking indeed it was; it almost looked as if it had been designed by a drawing-master.

And it would be such a chance to get Colonel Cameron to come along!"

"His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief might have a word to say," it is humbly observed.

"Oh, that's all right; they can always get leave," says our Commander-in-Chief. "That letter I posted to him this morning—well, it was only a general kind of invitation—asking him if he would care to come and see us *en voyage* at any point in the south there; but I could telegraph and tell him we had now a spare berth for him, if he wished to join at once. He will get the letter to-morrow, I suppose? We shall be at Stratford. Wouldn't that do very well, if I telegraphed from Stratford to-morrow or next day?"

Now observe, that is the gratitude of women. Here was a young man who had taken unheard-of trouble in arranging this expedition for us, and who had promised himself in reward the enjoyment of a long idling holiday in this ghostly-nomadic fashion; and when he is suddenly arrested in mid-career, and signs an order for his own dismissal, she doesn't protest at all, or entreat him to stay, or make decent expression of regret—she immediately seizes the opportunity to send for a substitute more to her liking. And why more to her liking? Because she has some foolishly romantic sentiment about Bonnie Prince Charlie, and wants to convince her young American acquaintance—through being introduced to one of the Camerons—that Prince Charles Edward was a gallant hero, and one of the most hardly-entreated of mortals. Such is woman's gratitude—and woman's logic. Jack Duncombe might go if he wished and welcome, if only she could get Cameron of Inverfask to

O Lady Mary Anne look'd o'er the castle wa',
She saw three bonny boys playing at the ba',
And the youngest among them was the flower o' them a';
My bonny laddie's young, but he's growing yet.

I think she must have been an audacious young lady—do you know what she said?

O father, O father, an' ye think it fit,
We'll send him a year to the college yet.
We'll sew a green ribbon round about his hat,
And that will let them ken he's to marry yet.

But she was young herself—so says the ballad—

Lady Mary Ann was a flower in the dew,
Sweet was its smell and bonnie was its hue,
And the langer it blossomed, the sweeter it grew;
For the lily in the bud will be bonnier yet.

"And were they married when he came back from college?" asks Miss Peggy.

"Oh, I suppose so. But the ballad-maker doesn't wait to tell; it was the figure of the Lady Mary Ann in the balcony that took his fancy. And surely it must have been just such another balcony as this—opening from her own boudoir"—

"Who was she?" asks Miss Peggy, again.

"I'm sure I don't know. Perhaps she never existed. Perhaps she was nothing but a dream—a fancy of some rustic poet."

"Oh, no; it is better to think she was a real person—I don't care about dreams," says Miss Peggy; and therewith she comes in from the balcony—she and her friend—and they resume their slow perambulation of the splendid halls.

When we got back to our hotel—after having rummaged through one or two bric-à-brac shops, that are well known to lovers of useless furniture and cracked plates—we found a telegram lying on the table addressed to our young playwright. He took it up and opened the envelope.

"Yes," he said, "it is as I feared. I must go back to town to-morrow."

"So soon as that?" said Queen Tita; and—despite the fact that her small brain was busy with thoughts of the coming of Colonel Cameron—she managed to put a little decent regret into the words.

"Yes," he said, "it is rather a nuisance. You know, you have all been so kind as to let me engineer this trip in a kind of a way, and I should like to have seen it through. But really I don't think you will have any trouble now. There will be those long tunnels, of course; but Columbus should be able to get you through without difficulty. And in going down the Severn you will choose a smooth day, naturally!"

"Oh, but don't look at your going from that point of view only," remonstrates Queen Tita, in a very kindly way (considering what he had said about Prince Charlie). "I have no doubt we shall get on well enough. But we had hoped you would be with us all the way along; it seems such a pity your having to break off in the middle."

"Yes, I don't much like it," said he—and surely, if any falling out with Miss Rosslyn had prompted his going, he was now acting indifference very well indeed. "You will be coming to the best of it soon. I should like to have passed a night or two in the Forest of Arden, in that vagabond way—and then going down the Severn—and the Kennet and Avon!"

Now here Miss Peggy thought fit to strike in. Perhaps her heart (if any) smote her a little. He had done his best to amuse her during all this time; he had let her into his literary confidences; had produced aphorisms for her; had (alas!) revealed to her his dramatic ambitions; and had told her the names of our English wild-flowers so far as he knew them, which was not very far. And so she says, as she is pouring out a cup of tea for him—

"But can't you come back later on, Mr. Duncombe? Why, it will be quite different without you. We shall feel quite lost and lonely."

"It's very good of you to say so," he makes answer (and, if he is offended with the young lady, he certainly conceals it admirably). "As for the coming back, the case stands this way. You ought to fill up my place—and you should have little difficulty if your friends knew what this way of travelling was like—I say you ought to fill up my place, for it is better to have an additional hand to take the tiller at times. Well, then, you see, even if I should come back later on, I should find my berth occupied!"

"But, look here, Mr. Duncombe," says Mrs. Threepenny-bit, who, on the assumption that her Highlander friend will soon be with us, can afford to be a trifle generous, "if that were so, couldn't you manage somehow? I never knew any difficulty about making room for an extra person on board a yacht; and if a clumsy, unwieldy thing like this can't be hospitable, I wonder what it is good for."

"If it came to that," said he, "I could be with you during the day, and go off for lodgings at night, like Captain Columbus. He has never failed, yet to find some kind of a place, although Miss Rosslyn thinks that England is an uninhabited country. And I should certainly like to go down the Severn with you. I want to see how a house-boat will answer. In fact, I consider myself in a way responsible for your safety; and I don't want to hear of your getting into trouble!"

"But do you think there will be any danger?" she said quickly—a question which, to do the small person justice, you would never have heard her put on board any yacht.

"I should say not," he answered. "There is sometimes a bit of a sea on in the estuary of the Severn; but she ought to ride out anything; and then of course you would keep all the doors and windows shut so that the wind couldn't get a purchase on her."

"For we mustn't drown Peggy in the Bristol Channel," she says.

"I would never speak to you again if you did," that young lady observes in reply.

Towards nine o'clock that evening, an open landau stood in front of the Warwick Arms; and presently two cloaked and hooded creatures, accompanied by a couple of shawl-bearers, came out of the hotel and took their seats in the carriage. The thoroughfare was almost deserted on this still moonlight night; hardly any passer-by was visible along the wan grey pavements; though on the shadowed side of the street here and there a window shone a dull orange through the dark.

"I am almost afraid—I hope nothing will happen," said a girl's voice, in rather low tones.

"Why, what should happen?" her companion asked.

"Surely, if there are phantoms anywhere, it will be at Kenilworth Castle. Amy Robsart wasn't the only one Leicester murdered, was she?"

"Fancy Peggy being afraid of ghosts!" says the other—as the horses are sent forward, and there is a sharp rattle of hoofs and wheels in the silent street. "Why, Peggy, I thought you called them 'spooks' in your country. Well, you know, you couldn't be afraid of anything called a 'spook'."

Presently we had left the last of the houses behind, and were out in the open country, where the moonlight was throwing black shadows from the elm-trees across the wide white road. There was not a sound anywhere; nor a breath of wind to stir the great overhanging branches. The wooded and undulating landscape, touched here and there into a pallid

grey, lay silent under the stars: we could not even hear the barking of a dog, telling of some distant farm. It was a strangely still world we were driving through, and we ourselves were not disposed to be over-garrulous.

At length we came to Guy's Cliff; but from the road, of course, there was nothing visible but a long and wide avenue of trees, with a modern-looking building—in dusky shadow—at the end of it. There was nothing here to tell of the warrior who had repented him of the slaughter he had wrought in honour of his lady-love, who came home and turned hermit, and who was tended in his holy retirement by the lady herself, who did not recognise him, fancying that her lord had died in Palestine. But Miss Peggy knew of the legend; and this at least was the neighbourhood in which the repentant Knight dug out a cell for himself in the solid rock, and lived and died in great sanctity. Then again, on the other side of the road, up among some trees on the hill-side, we could just make out a small grey object; and we guessed that to be the monument which marks the spot where Piers Gaveston, "the minion of a hateful King," was beheaded some five centuries and a half ago. But the aim of our quest lay further on. And still, as we pursued our way through this silent landscape, the over-arching sky remained serene and clear; all the circumstances were propitious for our visit; Miss Peggy was to see Kenilworth "aright."

And yet she could not have been in the least prepared for the startling beauty of the vision that suddenly declared itself before us as we swept round a turn of the road. We had driven through a long and straggling village that appeared to be fast asleep—a quite interminable string of houses and cottages it seemed—and had thereafter got into the country again, where our view was hemmed in by dark masses of foliage along the roadside. We had no knowledge of the neighbourhood, nor of the whereabouts of the Castle; and it was quite unexpectedly that, through an opening in the trees, we suddenly beheld a vast mass of walls and towers, silver-grey in the moonlight, and here and there blackened with ivy, and all clearly defined against the cloudless heavens. The vision lasted for but a second. The spectral castle in the moonlight disappeared. The next minute we found ourselves in a hollow, with the horses splashing through a ford; then they slowly ascended a bit of a hill on the other side; finally, we pulled up at a gateway, and all got down.

Our coming had been expected, and there was no difficulty about obtaining entrance. But it was with no great speed that this silent little party made its way through the garden, which was filling all the night air with its varied scents. You would have fancied the women were walking on tip-toe; not a word was said. And then again, when they left this garden-path, and emerged upon the wide plateau round, which are ranged the giant walls and towers and galleries, they seemed to hesitate. Was it not a kind of sacrifice to go forward?—the place seemed so still in this white light—so still as to be almost awful. Not a leaf stirred in the heavy masses of ivy that hung around the mullioned windows; no bat came flitting out from the mysterious corridors; no raven croaked from those mighty towers whose summits were with the stars. A phantom castle indeed; for the moonlight had robbed the ruddy stone of its colour, and it was now of a pale and silvery grey; and grey, too, was the sky that shone clear through broken archway and lofty loophole. The two women stood voiceless—themselves like ghosts—though their shadows fell sharp and black on the grass. And then Miss Peggy, almost in a whisper, asked if we knew which of these was Mervyn's Tower; and we knew why she asked: it was in a chamber somewhere within the great mass of masonry now in front of her that the Countess Amy had sought shelter, a trembling fugitive and captive, writing a letter to her faithless lord, and tying it with a love-knot of her hair, while he was entertaining the proud and passionate Queen of England with masque, and pageant, and ball.

But of course considerations of mere sentiment could not be allowed to interfere with our affording our young American friend all the information and instruction in our power: and it was necessary—notwithstanding the impressive silence of the place, and the ineffable beauty that the moonlight threw over those imposing ruins—that she should begin and try to construct for herself some idea of the Castle as it was when Queen Elizabeth and all her courtiers and retainers were assembled to hold high revel within its walls. Jack Duncombe had brought a plan with him; and the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Monuments would have shuddered at the audacity with which he set about the work of restoration, not only connecting walls and completing towers, but decorating the Pleasance with statues and fountains and grottoes, and furnishing the Great Hall with oaken roof, and tapestries, and brazen chandeliers, and waxen torches. The younger of the two women listened; but she looked more than she listened. It was plain that a certain eerie feeling still hung over both of them; and when they were bidden to ascend a certain part of the building, and enter a chamber there from which they could see the moonlit landscape all around, they seemed to regard with a kind of suspicion, if not with actual dread, the long black galleries which were so strangely silent.

"I suppose you never saw Millais's 'Grey Lady'?" Queen Tita said to her companion. "No? It is two or three years since it was exhibited, and I don't know where it is now. But I thought it was very fine—though the critics didn't seem to care much for it!"

"The critics!" said Jack Duncombe (of course).

"It was the figure of a lady—grey and ethereal, and ghostly—and with vague and absent eyes—and she was making her way up a turret-stair, with her hand outstretched before her. The curious thing was that her hand and part of her arm caught the moonlight—and yet they were quite visionary too—while the rest of her was in a kind of shadow. Peggy, if you were to see anyone coming along there—now!"

They were regarding, like two frightened children, a narrow and dusky corridor, into which, at some distance away, fell a solitary ray of moonlight.

"No," said Peggy; "the place is too silent and dead and empty for even a ghost. But I don't think I should like to wander through these ruins by myself at night."

And yet—after all our imaginary reconstruction was over—she seemed loth to leave. She was the last to linger there, in the open plateau, looking up at the grey moonlit walls and the empty windows, the ivied towers, and the serene and silent stars. Nay, when we were all coming away by the garden-path, she left us, and went back, and stood there alone for a minute or two. When she returned she said—

"I wonder, now, when I am at home again in America, and when I think of this night, I wonder whether I shall be able to persuade myself that I ever did actually see anything so wonderful and beautiful? I am afraid it will seem all like a dream. I went back to have another look just now; I suppose I shall be able to remember something like it—something a little like it—but it will be all dreamlike and unreal. It will appear to be a castle built of air—as unsubstantial as the Grey Lady you were speaking of."

This possibility seemed to concern her not a little—or perhaps she was merely trying to impress on her memory the chief features of the scene she had just witnessed; at all events,

she was very silent during the long drive back to Warwick, and paid hardly any heed to what little conversation was going on.

Now, this was to be the last night that our little party, as hitherto constituted, was to assemble together; and at the modest banquet that was meant to console us for our lack of dinner, the two women-folk—no doubt looking back over the lengthened companionship now drawing to a close, and be-thinking them of Jack Duncombe's helpfulness and friendliness and general good-humour—were unmistakably inclined to be complaisant to the young man. Whether his hostess had really forgiven him for his scandalous schemes in connection with the Young Chevalier, or whether she was confidently looking forward to an ally who would keep Miss Peggy's sympathies on the right side, one, of course, could not say; but, in any case, she was very kind to him, and not only renewed her expressions of regret at his going, but once more urged his return when that might be practicable for him.

"Oh, I shall be glad enough to get back if I can," said he—which he hardly would have said had he been going away in resentment of Miss Peggy's conduct; and now he was affecting to be more cheerful, though he was not in a very gay mood, we could see. "And, as I say, I think you are all right now for the rest of the expedition. Of course there was always a risk—the experiment never having been tried before; and once or twice I thought we should be stuck; but I think everything should go smoothly now. If you had to begin all over again, of course, you would have the boat six inches narrower in beam, and six inches lower in the roof, so that you would have no trouble with the bridges: that's all that I can see in the way of improvement. I consider the whole thing to have been most successful so far!"

"And you know yourself how much of that we owe to you," said Mrs. Threepenny-bit, bold to say. "Think of the Thames, even—we should never have got on at all."

"Oh! I had to learn like other people," said he, modestly. "I never had anything to do with a boat like this before. But I should think it was a capital idea, to begin with; and I think it has turned out very well. The thing that strikes me most about it is the curious sense of independence you have—you are not tied to any inn or town—you stop just where you like—and you take your own house with you all the time."

"Some people would find it rather slow," she suggested.

"Some people would find it quite intolerable," said he. "But you remember what Mr. Ruskin says:—'To any person who has all his senses about him—travelling becomes dull in exact proportion to its rapidity. Going by railroad I do not consider travelling at all; it is merely being sent to a place, and very little different from becoming a parcel.' And then you have to consider that if this trip has so far been pleasant enough in spite of the broken weather, you can imagine what it would be in settled, fine weather."

"Oh! I don't think the weather matters much," says Miss Peggy, blithely. "You can always pop indoors to escape a shower: it isn't like driving in rain. No; what strikes me as the most curious thing is the way the time passes—the extraordinary number of things you get to do. You gentlemen seem to be hard at work from morning till night; while for us,—well, I suppose, I shall get my novel carried on a bit further some day or other; but I don't know when. And I can't get letters written at all. I know some people who will think I have got lost in the woods—wandered in the trackless prairies of the middle of England—and never coming back to civilised life any more. That's another thing: When are the adventures to begin?"

"What adventures?"

"Why, we must have wild adventures; we must be attacked by robbers; and have to barricade the doors and fire through the windows. Why shouldn't there be pirates on a canal, and desperate villains, and bloody deeds? Oh! I can tell you I saw something yesterday morning that would have startled you. It was before any of you were up—or out, at least. There was a solitary barge coming along; and as it was passing, I saw there was a tuft of hair hanging from the top of the rudder. Well; anything more horribly like a scalp it was impossible to imagine—it was long hair, too, like a woman's. And there was I all alone, mind you: I might have been another victim; the cowardly dogs of Mingoos might have sprung upon me, and bound me hand and foot—think of that for an adventure: the Scalp-Hunters of the Wild Canal!"

"But what was the tuft of hair, Peggy?" her hostess interrupts.

"Oh! well," Miss Peggy says lightly; "Captain Columbus told me afterwards. It was an emblem of affection, not of bloodthirstiness. It was a memorial of an old friend and companion gone to his rest. It was part of the tail of a horse. But that's neither here nor there," she adds: "what I say is, we must have some wild and perilous adventures!"

"I hope it won't be as you are going down the Severn," remarks the young man, significantly.

"There again, now," cries Mrs. Threepenny-bit. "I do really believe you think we shall be in danger going down the Severn. What will the boat do, Mr. Duncombe? Is it possible for her to roll over, if there are heavy waves? Or could she be blown over? For I won't have Peggy run any risk. She's under my care. She's not worth much; but I have charge of her."

"No, I don't think there will be any great danger," he said again, to reassure them. "In any case, you can all go on board the tug; and if the house-boat sinks, there will be nobody drowned but the one who is steering—and that will be Murdoch."

"I will not have Murdoch drowned for all the house-boats that ever were built!" exclaims Mrs. Threepenny-bit. "Can't the wretched old thing steer herself?"

"No, that kind of craft hasn't been invented yet. But I think she will keep afloat. Of course you won't all be sitting on the roof—by-the-way, you have never tried that way of sailing through the country."

"The weather never gave us a chance!" she says. "But there is a wonderful change coming. There are golden days in store for us, Peggy; and you and I will have cushions and rugs laid along the top, and we will sit and sew, or read, or you will play the banjo, and we shall be as gods together!"

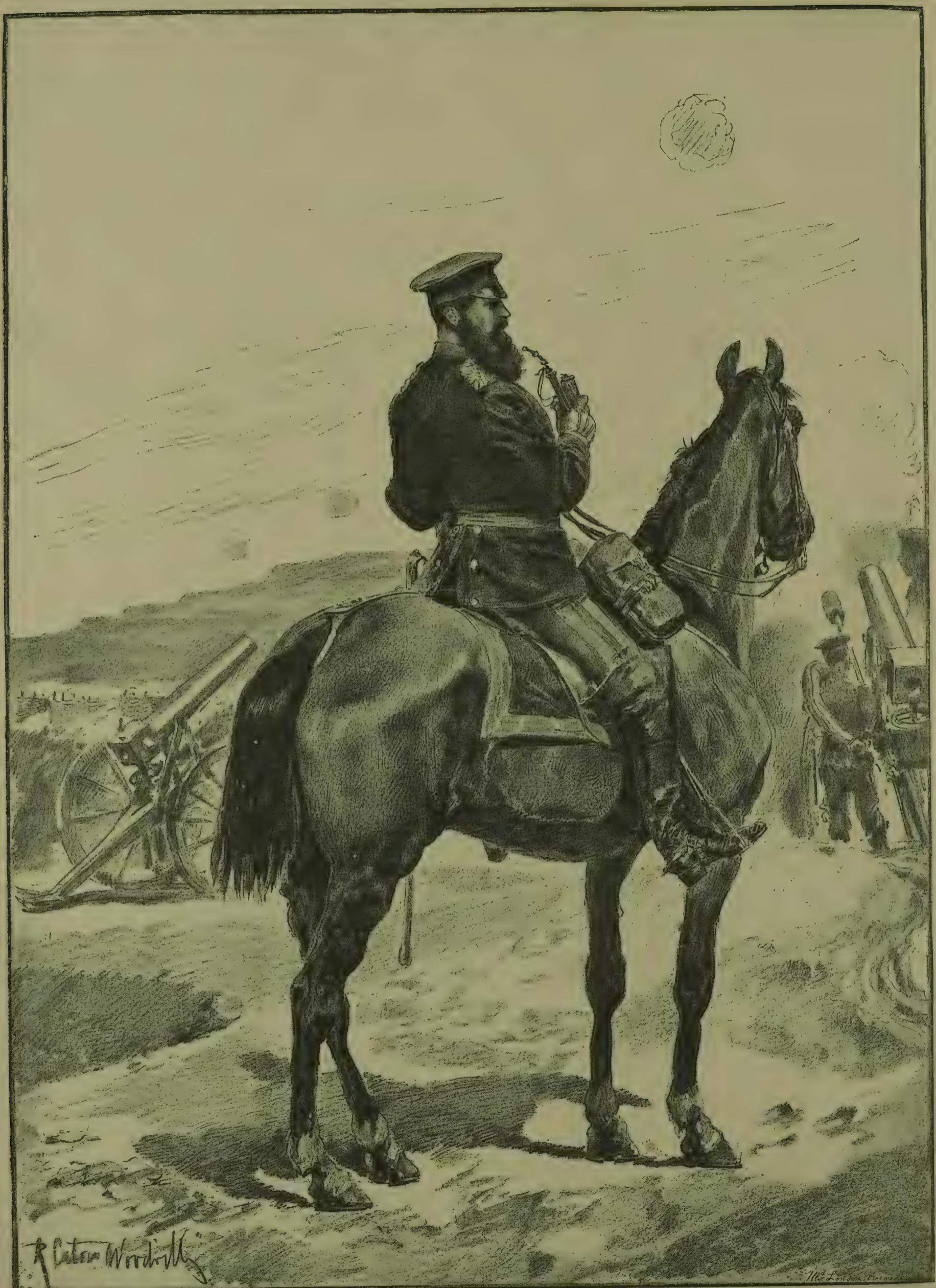
"Until lunch-time arrives," one remarks.

"We shall have lunch on the top too."

"Well, don't try it as you are going down the Severn, especially if there is a brisk breeze coming up against the stream," Mr. Jack Duncombe observes, by way of final warning. "For there is next to nothing to hold on by—that rail has got all smashed with getting through the bridges. Then the channel of the river twists; and if at a corner the wind were to catch her and tilt her over a bit, your sliding off into the water would not only be unpleasant—it would be very ignominious."

"Can't we have a small dinghy astern, if that caravanscra is likely to go to the bottom?" she demands.

"Yes," said he, "that would be simple enough; and then if Murdoch found the boat filling—I don't see why she should myself, but such things have happened—if he found he



THE NEW GERMAN EMPEROR, FREDERICK III., KING OF PRUSSIA,

AS CROWN PRINCE, IN MILITARY COMMAND DURING THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.



THE LATE GERMAN EMPEROR, WILLIAM I., AND THE OLD PRUSSIAN GUARD.

threatening to sink, he would jump into the dinghy, cut the painter, and be all right."

"At all events, Mr. Duncombe," she says to him (and she can be very gracious when she pleases—that is, when everything is going as she wants it to go); "at all events, we shall hope to find you with us there, to have the benefit of your advice. I am sure we can't say how indebted we are to you for your help in getting us along as far as we have got."

Soon thereafter—for it had been a long and a busy day—there was a general departure for our respective quarters; and the Warwick Arms subsided into the general silence that lay over the sleeping town. And if Miss Peggy dreamed dreams and saw visions that night—and if any fragments of melody, suggested by what she had seen at Kenilworth, were haunting her brain, it is as likely as not that these were the familiar lines:—

The dews of summer night did fall,
The moon, sweet regent of the sky,
Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall,
And many an oak that grew thereby.

But perhaps it was just as well that she had not encountered the ghost of poor Amy Robsart.

(To be continued.)

NOVELS.

Lost Identities. By M. L. Tyler. Three vols. (Swan Sonnenschein, Lowry, and Co.).—The writer of this novel must be a young lady of some talent and literary ambition, but its plot and style are sublimely grotesque. Two newborn babes, a girl and a boy, enter the world in the opening chapters; the one is fraudulently exchanged for the other, because the inheritance of a baronetcy and large entailed estates go with a male heir. This trick, however, is performed not for the sake of the boy who is substituted for the girl: he is a mere beggar's brat, purchased for ten shillings: the motive is to secure for the girl's mother, whose husband, the son of Sir Heron Heavyside, is getting himself killed in the Crimea, a handsome provision for life. The poor lady is utterly innocent and ignorant of the deception, which is managed by her half-brother, Dr. Pluckrose, a Birmingham medical man, with the assistance of his housekeeper, Jane Goodall. The true offspring of James and Phoebe Heavyside, by their clandestine marriage, is passed off as a foundling, adopted by a benevolent widow lady, Mrs. Agnew, and well educated, becoming the noblest and fairest of her sex, under the name of Rachel Agnew, with the grand eyes and other characteristic features of the old Heavyside family. The boy, meantime, doomed by heredity, we infer, to be a physical and moral abortion, and somewhat injudiciously brought up in his indulgent supposed grandfather's house, grows up the ugliest, wickedest, vilest little demon boy that ever lived—or that was ever imagined by a novelist's fancy. Mrs. James Heavyside cannot help hating her odious reputed son; but after ten years she marries brave Colonel Douglas, the friend of her deceased first husband, and has two beautiful children. Rachel, about the same time, is left an orphan, ostensibly by the death of Mrs. Agnew, but with the bequest of £2000 for the cost of a superior education. She is received into the family of an Essex country gentleman, where she meets another James Heavyside, a brave and generous youth, her own cousin, though he and she are unaware of the fact. With him, as they grow older, she contracts a plighted attachment; but he joins the Army on foreign service, and Rachel goes as nursery-governess to the house of Colonel and Mrs. Douglas. The mysterious maternal instinct, as well as the charms of Rachel's person and character, draws the heart of Mrs. Douglas to her unknown daughter; and old Sir Hercules, whose mansion is close by, loves Rachel as fondly as if he knew her to be his own grandchild. But the hideous monster of inherited depravity, who has been imposed on this aristocratic household as "grandson and heir," proceeds to all manner of outrages and crimes. He insults Rachel, who manfully knocks him down, and she for some time carries a pistol for her self-defence against him. He and his accomplice, the gamekeeper, seize her in the wood, bind and gag and blindfold her, drag her to a lonely cottage, threaten her life, insist on her signing a promise to marry him, lock her up in the room above, and finally try to kill her; but she is rescued by Colonel Douglas. This is, of course, the sort of behaviour naturally to be expected of the son of a drunken tramp and a trull, reared by mistake as heir to a baronetcy; no education or gentle example could get out the vicious tendencies of his birth, though his parents never saw him from the day he was born. So the author would have us believe. The story is, altogether, too comical, where the style is fine; but there is a sad waste of language. Copious use is made of italic type and capital letters, to render favourite passages of the text more impressive. The end of the story is a striking "coup de théâtre." Rachel, having run away from her kind friends and hidden herself, unnecessarily, as romantic young ladies do, has been recaptured, brought back to Danesholm Court, and recognised as the heiress to rank and fortune. The young villain of the house, deprived of his false claim to succeed her grandfather, attempts to shoot her on the stairs, but stumbles, being drunk, and shoots himself. When he is ignominiously buried, Rachel marries her true cousin and lover in splendid style, and the "identities" of the Heavysides are crowned with all happiness and honours for life.

EMIN PASHA'S TRAVELS.

Emin Pasha in Central Africa: A Collection of His Letters and Journals (G. Philip and Son).—Our readers' attention has repeatedly been directed to the progress of the expedition conducted by Mr. H. M. Stanley, up the Congo to the Aruwimi, whence it will march north-east to Lake Albert Nyanza and to Wadelai, on the White Nile, for the relief of Emin Pasha. That remarkable man is a German physician known in Europe as Dr. Eduard Schnitzer, born in Silesia, and now aged forty-eight years. He travelled and practised in Turkey. He held the office of Egyptian Governor of the Equatorial Provinces from 1878, under General Gordon, then Governor-General of the Soudan; and managed his separate administration with such fidelity and ability as to merit the highest approval. He never received much substantial help, and was left to his own resources when Gordon quitted the Soudan; but he continued to rule a vast and remote territory, and to exert his power for the suppression of the barbarous slave-trade in the adjacent region. When the Arabs of the Soudan joined in the rebellion led by the Mahdi, originating in Kordofan and Darfour, west of the White Nile, the different provinces far to the south were soon cut off, practically, from the seat of Egyptian Government at Khartoum; Emin Bey, the title he then bore, Lupton Bey, and Slatin Bey, could neither assist Gordon, on his return to Khartoum in 1884, nor obtain any support from him. The manner in which Emin Bey contrived for sometime to preserve his authority, and latterly to defend himself and his small garrison of black native troops, in the midst of hostile populations, will make a very interesting story, the materials for which have lately come to hand; but it is not a connected narrative. In the large close-printed volume now before us, which is, for the most part, translated from a book already published in German, we find abundant descriptions of the countries and nations of that part of East Central Africa—narratives of many long and difficult journeys, notes on the natural history of the Equatorial Nile region, and on its agricultural and commercial possibilities—but only scattered accounts of the incidents that have brought the writer into his present situation of apparent distress and peril. There was an incursion of the Mahdi's followers, and much desultory fighting. It was after May or June, 1885, that Emin Pasha removed his government for safety from Lado, its former centre, to Wadelai, some fifty miles from the north end of Lake Albert Nyanza. The motives and circumstances of this step are satisfactorily explained, with the condition of affairs at Wadelai down to April 17, 1887. Emin Pasha's dominion seems to have been gradually reduced by the unfriendly attitude of his former subjects, and by desertions among his own officers, until his actual rule is confined, as it were, to an insulated territory, remaining in comparative peace and order, which is maintained by his own personal exertions. He seems to be closely pressed, from the north and from the west, by the disaffected chiefs of barbarous tribes, acting in connection with the Dongola company of slave-traders. The abandonment of all ideas of reconquering the Soudan for Egypt renders it hopeless to think of the escape of the Wadelai garrison down the Nile. It could now only leave the country—if Emin Pasha be willing to leave it—either by travelling eastward, along the shores of Lake Victoria Nyanza, through the Uganda country, and through the Masai, to the seacoast; or else by the route which Mr. Stanley is endeavouring to open, westward to the Upper Congo. It is still uncertain, we believe, what course Emin Pasha will choose to adopt when Mr. Stanley reaches him, which may have occurred before this time. There are strong indications, indeed, that he has set his mind on permanently establishing, at Wadelai, a station from which the civilising work that he began so courageously might even yet be effectually carried on; and this would require, in his view, the opening of an eastward route of European trade and travel to some port on the seacoast, which would be distant about 650 miles, in a straight line, from the nearest limit of his present command. The editor of this volume, Dr. R. W. Felkin, of Edinburgh, who has travelled in that part of Africa, gives his support, in the introductory chapter, to Emin Pasha's proposal in this respect. But we much doubt whether any means of putting it into execution will be forthcoming; and Mr. Stanley, with his interest in the Congo Free State, is more likely to employ his forces, and the remainder of his funds, in securing a tolerable route, if he can find one, between the Upper Nile region and the Upper Congo—an idea which General Gordon had entertained some time before his lamented death. Emin Pasha, to judge from these journals and letters, and from all that we know of his performances, is a man of rare administrative talent, of remarkable fortitude, patience, and perseverance, and of single-minded devotion to the noble service of philanthropy; but he has been so long deprived of intercourse with the main agencies of opinion and action in the world at large, that his views of what is desirable and feasible may be subject to modification. He is not directly attacked by the enemy just now, but he is in need of supplies and of money. We must, however, await the result of his expected meeting with Mr. Stanley, trusting that they will agree in a decision satisfactory to the promoters of the relief expedition, and to all who desire the peaceful extension of civilising influences in Africa. This is a collection of Emin

Pasha's instructive writings, which he sent home to his German correspondents, including Dr. Petermann, the eminent geographer, Dr. G. Schweinfurth, one of the greatest of African travellers and explorers, and other distinguished men of science, or contributed to several periodicals, or to proceedings of learned societies. The English reader who is addicted to perusing books on this subject will soon perceive that Emin Pasha's observations and reports, so far as they are mainly descriptive, cover much ground already traversed in the well-known publications of Sir Samuel Baker, the first explorer and first Governor of the Upper Nile; and that another portion, dealing with the region west of that river, has been described in Dr. Schweinfurth's "Heart of Africa." But Emin Pasha is a most accurate observer both of nature and of human manners; and he has rendered considerable service to local zoology and botany, if he has not had leisure for extensive geographical explorations. The assistance of Professor Ratzel and Dr. Hartlaub, as well as Dr. Schweinfurth, in editing and commenting on these reports, must enhance the value of the work to scientific readers. Mr. E. G. Ravenstein, of London, furnishes an excellent map of the "Equatorial Provinces," which extend from about the second degree of north latitude to between the eighth and ninth degrees, comprising the White Nile and its tributaries from Lake Albert Nyanza down nearly to the Bahr-el-Ghazal, and including, under Emin Pasha's former governing authority, the populous districts of Monbuta, Makraka, Lado, Latooka, Bor, and Roi, now left a prey to anarchy. One cannot refrain from sympathising with the brave author's profound regret for the failure of attempts to improve their condition; but the Egyptian Government had undertaken a task which it was never competent to perform. It is probable that the solution of this problem must still be deferred, though reluctantly, unless the opening of communications with the Congo settlements provide a new way for the advance of civilisation across the broad Continent of Africa. The reconquest of those extensive territories, from the two Equatorial lakes down to Kordofan and Sennaar, would be a large military undertaking, and could not be permanently useful without the recovery of Khartoum. Since the Egyptian Government has definitively renounced the dominion of the Soudan, Emin Pasha, as a private individual, could have no further political warrant for persisting in such an enterprise, if he had any means of raising and equipping an army for the purpose. His position at Wadelai and on the Bahr-el-Jebel, with a small part of the adjacent country, on each side of the river, under his actual control, would not appear to be a sufficient base of military operations. It is entirely dependent on the goodwill of two powerful native States which are situated to the south and south-east—namely, the Unyoro, of which Kabréga is King, to the east of Lake Albert Nyanza; and the great Uganda kingdom, now ruled by the cruel and savage tyrant, Mwanga, who put Bishop Hannington to death. The character of these nations, occupying as they do the whole space between the Albert and the Victoria Nyanza, with the north shore of the last-mentioned greater lake, and commanding for hundreds of miles the route of communication with the seacoast, is the most important practical consideration. Emin Pasha visited Unyoro in September and October, 1877, and again in May, 1887; but his diplomatic mission to Mtesa, the late King of Uganda, was nearly ten years ago. Both nations are of the Bantu East African race, very superior to the negroes of the Nile basin and of the interior; but their rulers may not be the more easy to deal with. Kabréga, or Kabba Réga, of whom Sir Samuel Baker gave a very bad character, was found by Emin Pasha not such a bad sort of fellow—being hospitable, friendly, and intelligent, and speaking the Arabic language; he entered freely into conversation, and has since kept up an amicable correspondence, doing many good offices for the Governor of Wadelai. The likely presumption is that, as the Unyoro and the Uganda monarchs are frequently at war with each other, Kabréga may be always reckoning on some kind of foreign aid in his own affairs; but to provoke the hostility of the ruler of Uganda would obviously be fatal to all hope of introducing civilisation into the Nile region from the eastern seaports. It is difficult to see how negotiations could be so conducted, either by Emin Pasha or by Mr. Stanley, or by any representative of European interests, official or unofficial, as to secure the effectual co-operation of the different native potentates in opening up East Central Africa. The reader of this volume may form his own judgment on this question, while he will get, at any rate, a large amount of authentic information, which we shall readily borrow, if required, to explain the position and prospects of the author, and to forecast the possible results of the present expedition sent to relieve him. Emin Pasha himself, writing on April 17 last year, uses these words:—"If a relief expedition comes, I will on no account leave my people. We have passed through troublous times together, and I consider it would be a shameful act on my part were I to desert them: so I shall remain." It is elsewhere observed that the native Soudanese soldiers of his garrison, having married women of the country where they have lived so many years, and being settled there with their families and cattle, are not at all desirous of removal. Mr. Stanley's task, when he arrives there, will not be that of a simple *coup-de-main*, to cut out a party of desperate captives, besieged and held in confinement against their will; but his sagacity may be trusted to make the best arrangement that the circumstances will allow.

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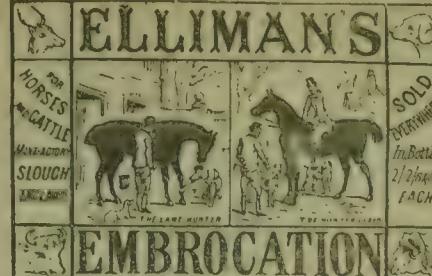
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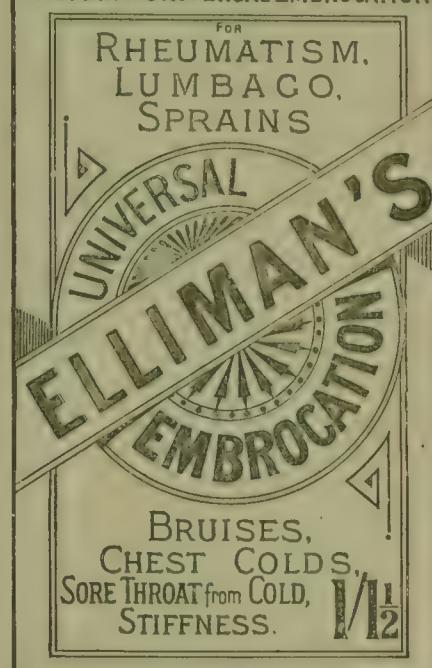
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THE LATE GERMAN EMPEROR IN HIS CARRIAGE, WITH THE CROWN PRINCE, IN THE UNTER DEN LINDEN, BERLIN.

While Europe and the world henceforth will miss one of the grandest contemporary figures in the exalted rank of Sovereign Monarchs, and in the swiftly passing group of eminent persons who have so wielded great political or military power as to transform, within the past thirty years, the aspect and condition of nations on the Continent, it is in the city of Berlin, the home of the Kings of Prussia, which has become the seat of the new German Empire, that the death of William I., on Friday, March 9, leaves a sense of domestic bereavement. He was familiarly known to the citizens; he was accustomed every morning to show himself, dressed in his uniform as a soldier, and wearing the cross of his order "Pour le Mérite," at the same window of the Royal Palace, at a certain hour, when drums and fifes were heard from the Guards approaching to

their regular morning parade; and he usually took a carriage-drive, at six o'clock in the evening, in the avenue called "Unter den Linden," which is the favourite public promenade. The Emperor's personal tastes and habits were remarkably simple. He always, while in his ordinary good health, breakfasted at half-past seven, taking only coffee, with milk, and bread without butter; after attending to his correspondence, and holding private interviews, he went out for a walk, lunched at one o'clock, and occupied himself with affairs of State, and in conference with his Ministers, for two or three hours of the afternoon. His dinner was at four o'clock, when he partook of plain food, with much fruit, drinking often mineral water, and only a glass or two of wine. After dinner he rested for an hour, and then drove out, perhaps

visiting some of the Royal family or other friends. In the evening there might be a ball or a party, at which his Majesty would join in social converse, or he might go to the opera or theatre. He took no supper, or any refreshment after dinner but a cup of tea, and went to bed at ten o'clock. When residing in the country he would go out shooting, or would ride to hounds, and there was some alteration of the routine at Gastein. His household life at home was shared with the Empress, and they always dined together, unless he had invited a special company of guests. It was the plain, quiet, wholesome life of an old-fashioned Prussian gentleman, and its wise temperance preserved the venerable Emperor and King, to the ninety-first year of his age, in almost unimpaired strength of body and mind.

THE EMPEROR WILLIAM.

Death has at length removed from mortal ken the greatest Hohenzollern, except Frederick II., who has figured in the history of his able and fortunate house; but although his tall form and kindly, impressive face will be sadly missed in the council-room, in the barracks and parade-grounds, and at his "study window" in the Wilhelmsstrasse, the memory of it will never fade from the mind's eye of contemporaries, and will loom large and distinct in the retrospective vision of posterity. The Emperor William I., who died on Friday, March 9, near the close of the ninety-first year of his age, after reigning two years as Regent, nine years as King, and sixteen years as Emperor in Germany, enjoyed unusual good fortune. Had he lived until March 22 he would have entered on his ninety-second year. An obscure personality as a Prince, so far as the public were concerned, he was unpopular in middle life, so much so that he fled from Berlin before the revolution. Yet he not only outlived almost the memory of the odium once so foolishly cast on him, but became the idol of his people, looked up to with veneration, and received as he deserved the respect as well as the admiration of Europe. Moreover, so courteous were his manners, and so kindly his temper, that he secured the good-will of two foes whose armies he had defeated, and whose power as sovereigns he had diminished or utterly destroyed. Louis Napoleon was fascinated by his urbanity, and Francis Joseph became his friend. He lived long, far beyond the average of human life; yet had he lived still longer his fame would not have withered, nor would the affection of his people, and the esteem of his political adversaries have grown less. The reason is that his great renown rested on the solid foundation of noble qualities—courage, equity, industry, and good nature. He was a superb man of business as well as a soldier; he was a thorough gentleman as well as every inch a King.

The groundwork of his character was a high and strong sense of duty, as he understood it. Like others of his house he felt and knew that the safety of Prussia as a State lay in the army, and if, as even Von Moltke thought, his passion for soldiering was carried to excess, still in that he was right, for without the policy which made an army Prussia would not have risen to so great a height, and German unity would have lacked an effective champion. In 1821 he wrote to his friend, Von Natzmer, speaking of Prussia in comparison with her neighbours: "Our physical weakness seems appalling;" and, therefore, he wrote, with a fine sense of what was needed, "We must compensate for this weakness by intellectual potencies, and especially in the army it is necessary to preserve this strength." The same thought crops up again three years later in another letter to his friend. He remembered 1813-14, and was angered when he heard it said, in 1824, that it was "ridiculous on the part of a people of eleven millions to wish to play a part in the midst of nations of forty millions." Yet, he went on, it was a people of three millions which, supported by an allied army, stood up against Napoleon. And "what enthusiasm achieved then," he continues, "awakened and developed intellect" must do now. So early did he strike the right chord, and perceive the uses of that schoolmaster who is said to have won the battle of Königgrätz! That keen perception of the absolute need of a good army if Prussia was to survive and play a part never left him. He was assiduous and observant as an officer in command, when Prince of Prussia, under his brother; and his first care when he became Regent, towards the end of 1858, was turned upon the army. The roots of his subsequent career lay deep down in the past; but it is at this moment that we prefer to dwell upon it, because he then came before Prussia and the world in a position of great trust, which he felt bound to fulfil, and of a great responsibility, if not to men, being almost an absolute King, yet to opinion which could punish, and, above all, to his own conscience, no lenient judge.

Prussia, in 1858, when the failing intellect of Frederick William IV. compelled his brother to take up the reins of government, did not look like a State which, within thirteen years, would overthrow and expel the House of Hapsburg from the Bund, inflict a crushing defeat on France, crown an Emperor in the palace of Louis XIV., and establish German unity. She enjoyed internal peace and had a constitution; but her army was relatively small, and not easily reinforced, because the old Landwehr organisation of 1814 remained, and even the annual levy of recruits was slackly made. Prussia had stood aloof during the Crimean War, her statesman not seeing how she could profit by offending Russia—an old, if somewhat exacting, ally. The submission enforced upon Prussia at Olmütz by the Emperor Nicholas was bitterly remembered, but it did not modify the policy of a Court which still leaned upon the Northern Power. The Crimean War, however, did Prussia a great service, by which she profited, for it lifted from Germany the great weight of the Czar's influence, and left comparatively free play to the States forming the Bund. Austria was, of course, predominant in that curious contrivance, one of the most futile and ineffective for anything but mischief ever devised by the wit of man. Yet, after the Crimean War, the larger among the minor States, such as Saxony, Bavaria, and Württemberg, were less hampered, and they tried to form a third party, in the foolish belief that it could hold the balance. The Regent William had to face this piece of political mosaic. But, almost before he had time to reflect on the situation, Count Cavour and Louis Napoleon had struck a bargain at Plombières, which led to the Italian War of 1859. The Austrian army was mismanaged, and defeated in two great battles; the Emperor Napoleon brought his soldiers up to the renowned Quadrilateral, and then he suddenly made peace with the Austrian Emperor. Now, Prussia had looked on, taking no active part; but at the moment when the two Emperors met at Villafranca and came to an understanding, the Prussian Army had been mobilised, and a portion directed to assemble on the Rhine. It was during the process of mobilisation—not only in 1859, but in 1849—that the defects in the organisation were made apparent. The population of Prussia had grown from eleven to eighteen millions, yet the number of the active army was still what it had been in 1814, and the annual contingent the same; but the Landwehr, forming the reserve, were mostly married men, who had already served, while thousands of young men had escaped. A remedy had to be found. The Regent was a keen observer of men. He had met Von Moltke while commanding at Mainz, and he made him chief of the staff. He knew the organising faculty of Von Roon, and he appointed him to be Minister of War. William, himself as Regent, was the real as well as nominal head of the army; and these three effected the great military reform which laid the basis for the modern force and excellence of the Prussian and German armies. They reduced the term of service in the active army—that is, the body always on foot—to three years; but they created a genuine reserve by holding the same men liable to four years additional service before they were enrolled in the Landwehr. The consequence was that the active army could be suddenly increased by calling up the reserve of young men under twenty-seven, and there still remained the Landwehr. At the same time, the force of the active army was largely increased, and other improvements

were made. Yet the change could only be gradual; and it was not until 1866 that Prussia obtained the full command of her military resources in point of numbers. It was this profound modification which raised to a great heat the Parliamentary opposition; and it is absolutely true that, had the then Parliamentary majority had its way, Prussia would have remained in a quasi-dependent position, and there would have been no German unity. The army reforms were in full swing when Herr Von Bismarck—then Ambassador in St. Petersburg—was selected to fill the post of Foreign Minister, and brought his great strength to the aid of the King, making the combination of military and political power in the Government most formidable.

The share of the King in the creation of the "new model" was very great. He was not only the chief of the army in name, but in fact; and he performed all the duties which pertain to such a responsible post with a zeal and intelligence never exhausted. We may draw upon the reports sent by Colonel Stoffel to the French War Office for passages describing the nature of the King's work, and his habits. He is an excellent and unexceptionable witness, and his testimony is fully confirmed from other independent sources; and although his words were written after the army had won two campaigns, still they really apply not only to the years before, but to the years after, the date of their composition. Stoffel was in the carriage with Von Moltke when, in 1867, Baron Hausmann, of building renown, displayed to King William the glories of Paris. "General Von Moltke," writes the Colonel, "who never says anything he does not mean, addressed these words to me: 'I am very glad that the King has seen all the wonders of Paris. He employs himself almost entirely upon the army, and now he can see that a Sovereign without neglecting the army—for yours is excellent [did he really think so?—may interest himself in all that promotes the grandeur of a people. I may say so,' he added, 'because it is not for me to complain of the King's predilection for the army.'" Then Stoffel remarks that a man of seventy-two was not likely to change the habits of a life, which he proceeds to hold up as an example to another Sovereign, who, if he did not neglect, certainly did not bestow that time and care and intelligence on the army which called forth Von Moltke's remark. "Always amiable and good-natured," says Stoffel, "the King has known how to excite in others the passion and heartiness [the 'go,' as we may say] which he feels himself. He is the instigator of all the reforms in the army, especially since 1860. He, and he alone, by his boundless activity, has given the army that 'go' which I have already described. . . . Every day, and often for many hours, he works with the Minister of War, with General Von Moltke, or with General Von Treskow, the chief of his military cabinet," or, as we might say, personal staff. Then—and this is one of the most important facts—"the King may be considered to be the Permanent Inspector-General of the Army," a phrase which implies so much, when the person inspecting is not a pipe-clay or parade inspector, but a real soldier. And here are described the habits of the King, holding good for all his life. "Every February, when the annual recruits come in, he begins his inspection at Berlin, Potsdam, and Spandau. He inspects," says the astonished French Colonel, "in winter, even isolated companies, and this year (1868), although the cold was severe, he minutely inspected two companies of his regiment; which made the Crown Prince say to me—'Is not the King astonishing? I do not know that I should have the same courage.' At a later period he inspects, separately, the twenty-seven battalions of the Guard; then by regiments, and afterwards by brigades; so that in three months the entire Guard, in all stages of instruction, passes before his eyes." Truly, an indefatigable man of business, determined that his business shall be done. Besides these inspections there were reviews and parades, attendance at the musketry school, and examination of the Battalion of Instruction, which was composed of men from every regiment in the service, and even visits to the ambulance corps. Moreover, the King was present nearly every fortnight at the discussions in the "Military Society," a sort of United Service Institution. Colonel Stoffel does not fail to remark that the King is accompanied by Princes, Generals, officers, and sometimes Ministers. "Figure to yourself," says the Colonel, "the King as kind and attentive, full of spirit and good temper, and you will understand what a stimulus is imparted to everybody, from Generals to soldiers." Then, at the annual feast of the Instruction Battalion, "the King, the Queen, the Princes and Princesses mix with the soldiers and share their repast." And so it went on all through the year. In three weeks, coming back from Ems to Berlin, in 1868, he inspected thoroughly, as his wont was, no fewer than eighty-seven battalions! What he did others had to do, and thus the spirit from above ran through the whole army, while the example of cheerful, intelligent, not mere pedantic, industry inspired every rank. The aim of all was to see that the army was fit to wage war—that is, fit in all its parts—an aim supposed to be common to the heads of all armies, but woefully neglected by some.

Despite his absorption in army labours, King William had, perchance, to give some, indeed a good deal, of attention to politics, internal and external; for a strong party, fed on studies of British Parliamentary history, desired to make Prussia a constitutional State on the English model, and foreign affairs were big with great events. The Prussian Parliament refused its consent to the new model; but the King, resolved to carry it through, pushed on without a regular vote of "supplies," holding that the Budget last voted held good until the Chamber could be prevailed on to vote another. But it was a dangerous and turbulent time, requiring great nerve and steadfastness in the Government, which was really doing what the Opposition wanted—working for a United Germany, under the hegemony or headship of Prussia. Now, the King had made a skilful division of labour. He was by position and gifts the fittest to preside over and direct the entire military department; but, having confidence in them, he left the details to Von Roon and Von Moltke, who, in turn, acting on the Prussian method, threw the responsibility upon a hierarchy of chiefs and subordinates under them. These three, the Monarch and the two Generals, literally acted as one man; and thus with the highest form of centralisation in all that regarded the governing principle, there came about the most complete decentralisation, or independent local action, kept well within its own spheres, ever seen. King William was faithful to his early idea of bringing to bear the "intellectual potencies," and that idea became dominant in the whole army, so that it was and still is a great school in which the capabilities of every unit were developed, and from which nothing was excluded, whether new or old, which seemed likely to promote the main end in view. In this division of labour, politics and diplomacy fell to the share of Herr Von Bismarck, who had to fight the heavy battles in Parliament, as well as contend with Austria and the Third Party in Germany, and watch the course of events outside. For the world was full of trouble. Russia was comparatively quiescent, brooding over a defeat from which she was slowly recovering. Italy was still engaged in "making" herself or in consolidating the conquests of Garibaldi; watching Venice, not yet Italian, and Rome, where the Pope had not ceased to lean on

French support. The United States were in the midst of the most tremendous civil war ever waged since Germany was desolated for thirty years. France, under the restless rule of Louis Napoleon, nourished great projects in the New as well as the Old World, had put an army in Syria and a fleet off Gaeta, and was scheming for the possession of Belgium as well as a Latin Empire, with a Teutonic Austrian Archduke for Emperor in Mexico. The King and the Minister, therefore, had a full life carrying on strictly their own affairs, and seeing that neither they nor Germany took any hurt from enemies at home or abroad.

The foremost subject was the perennial question of Federal Reform; and it soon became evident that Prussia was determined to release herself from a subservient position. Bismarck had not been many months in office before he broached the topic, and he had been so long in contact with Austrian politicians at Frankfort that they could not have been ignorant of his opinions. And, as a matter of fact, the Austrians sprang forward at once to meet this formidable adversary who talked already of asserting the interests of Prussia "by deeds." A Polish insurrection broke out, and while Austria encouraged the insurgents, whose cause was hopeless, Prussia gave material help to Russia and secured such gratitude as she can feel. In the midst of these confusions, the Emperor of Austria visited King William, who had gone to Carlsbad, in Bohemia. Bismarck, who scented danger from afar, accompanied his King. Francis Joseph set forth a detailed plan of reform and asked for the co-operation of Prussia. The elements of that proposal are of no moment now, as they are dead and buried; but the consequences remain. King William did not blithely reject the proposals, but he seemed opposed to the Emperor's hint that a Congress of Princes should begin the work. The Sovereigns parted, and shortly after the Prince received an invitation to attend such a Congress at Frankfort, on Aug. 16. He had not completed his "cure," he was vexed and worried, and he declined the invitation. Then he travelled through Munich and Wildbad, where he visited the Dowager Queen of Prussia, to Baden-Baden. Throughout the whole period, he was besieged by people who urged him to attend the Frankfort gathering. Herr Von Bismarck even brought down the then King of Saxony, a man much respected by William of Prussia; and the two together attacked him so pressingly that his ailment was increased, and Bismarck threatened to call on the officer commanding at Rastatt for a guard, if the annoyance did not cease. It would appear that the King was seriously affected by the irritation applied to his nervous system and the appeal made to his kindly nature; but, in the end, he stood fast by his Minister, and at the famous gathering at Frankfort, in the hall where the Emperors were formerly elected, the King of Prussia did not appear. Had he consented to go, which would have been to flinch when the crucial test was applied, Herr Von Bismarck would have ceased to be his Majesty's Minister—a triumph for Von Bismarck and Austria, and perhaps a fatal defeat for Prussia and Germany.

That grave contest was followed by a tough battle on the Danish, or Schleswig-Holstein, question, which Lord Palmerston said only one man had ever understood, and he was dead. The wearisome Bund took up the quarrel, and sent Saxons and Hanoverians to occupy Holstein—"execution" they called it. But neither Austria nor Prussia could allow the minor States to "free" German territory and set up another small sovereign Duke; so they took the matter up as Great Powers, acted independently of the Bund, and poured masses of troops over the Elbe. The Federal troops were obliged to retire, and while the Austrians occupied Holstein, the Prussians attacked the Danes in Schleswig and drove them from the mainland. The two Powers now settled down in the countries they held, and ultimately established what came to be called the "condominium," or, as we should say, joint occupation, based on the King of Denmark's cession of all his rights in the Duchies to Austria and Prussia. The treaty established a bone of contention between them, and led to the next great war: for the Emperor Francis Joseph would not give up his share in the conquest without some adequate compensation, and King William would not yield an inch; nor would he consent to establish Prince Frederick of Augustenburg as Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, which would, perhaps, have satisfied Austria. It should be observed that Bismarck's able management had reduced both Russia and France to a state of benevolent neutrality, and brought about that frame of mind in Paris and St. Petersburg which made the despots who ruled there stand aloof during the coming conflict.

It is of no interest now to follow the details of the negotiations between Berlin and Vienna, especially as the aims of the two Powers were irreconcileable, and as they were in reality contending for predominance in Germany. A crisis came in the summer of 1865, but was conjured away by the treaty of Gastein. King William and his Minister, travelling to that place, took counsel together at Carlsbad and Ratisbon; and later, at Salzburg, Bismarck, talking to the Bavarian Premier, Von der Pfotden, intimated that war was inevitable, and tried to keep the minor States passive, hinting that Bavaria was the natural heir to Austria's position in South Germany. It was this menacing situation which was effaced, for a time, by the Gastein treaty, whereby Lauenburg was ceded to Prussia by Austria for cash, and the condominium in the Duchies formally set up. It only served to gain time, which both sides hoped to use. King William, of course, went on perfecting his army, and Bismarck applied himself diligently to the task of creating the best possible diplomatic position for Germany and the best nominal cause of quarrel with Austria. He was assisted inadvertently both by Austria and her client, the Prince of Augustenburg, who, believing, like all the world, in the might of his patron, openly paraded his claims in Holstein under the protection of Austrian bayonets. Matters daily grew warmer. King William presided over a solemn council in Berlin in February, and in March a similar scene occurred in Vienna. The diplomatic battle went on with increasing vigour, but it was so evident that war would come that Bismarck strengthened himself immensely by forming, with the connivance of Louis Napoleon, an alliance with Italy, whose reward for her services was to be Venice and the Terra Firma. But, at Court, he met with obstacles. Influence was brought to bear upon the King by his kinsfolk, and for a long and anxious time he could not endure the thought of a rupture with Austria, and only acquiesced in the Italian alliance when it was made plain to him that Prussia's interests, always his first thought, were at stake. He was ever a scrupulous and high-minded gentleman, but he construed very strictly what he regarded as the rules of his duty to Prussia and Germany. "The King," says Von Moltke, "was very much opposed to an offensive war." And again at a later period in the preliminary political skirmishing, when Austria had put 80,000 men in the regions bordering on Silesia, whereas Prussia had on foot there less than 30,000, Von Moltke refers once more to the King's reluctance. "If Prussia had had an intention of breaking with Austria, the pretext was ready made. But the King repelled all proposals which would have led him so far, and confined his assent to purely defensive measures." This was in March, three months before the storm broke. Again, referring

to the possibility of French intervention at some stage, Von Moltke says the question deserved serious consideration, "but that the King showed such an absolute repugnance to any war not waged for the security and honour of Prussia" that no defensive preparations even were made between March and May. This passage, which shows the character of the King, refers to a project of Bismarck's which aimed at bringing Austria and Prussia into an alliance for the recovery of Strasburg and the line of the Vosges! Divers parties in the State, even, implored the King to maintain peace, "a very superfluous prayer," says the great strategist. Nothing could prove more clearly than these facts that, although the King had a passion for creating a first-rate army, as a safeguard, he had no wish to use it, and no passion for war for the sake of war or even politics. That complexion of mind was an advantage as well as an obstacle to Bismarck, who like the Chief of the Staff, considered that the time had come when there was no longer room in Germany for two Great Powers, and that one of the two must give way to the other. Whatever may be the exigencies of a political situation, brought about by time, all will admire King William's strong reluctance to shed blood, except in a cause where he was plainly in the right.

At length, though not without more diplomatic fencing, the quarrel came to a head. Austria had great confidence in herself and her position, and did not in the least shun a combat. The Prusso-Italian alliance, which obliged Francis Joseph to separate his army and form front to the Mincio as well as Silesia, was a heavy blow, but it did not make the Viennese Government flinch. The best troops and the best General were sent to Italy, and the Cabinet of Vienna hoped to find compensation in the great array of German States on their side, for not one followed the Prussian flag except Mecklenburg. When the other Powers interfered, and proposed a conference at Paris, Prussia did not object; but Austria attached such conditions to her acceptance, the exclusion of the Italian question, as rendered the proposal abortive. That was near the end of May, and it marked the termination of all endeavours to stave off a war. The incident which set the troops in motion was furnished by Austria. She openly sat at the Gastein treaty, giving support to the "pretender" in Holstein, and thereupon, as the Austrian General present would not desist, the Prussian General moved into, and the Austrian promptly moved out of, the country, crossing the Elbe, and retreating through Hanover. The Vienna Government then appealed to the Diet at Frankfort, which, on June 14, ordered the Federal forces to be mobilised. That was the signal for action. The general march of subsequent events is well known—how the Hanoverians, after winning a battle, were forced to surrender; how Saxony was overrun, and how the Red Prince, so called from the colour of his uniform, broke into Bohemia from Zittau, while the Crown Prince, from Silesia, burst through the passes of Trautenau and Glatz, and pushed down to the line of the Upper Elbe.

The King remained at Berlin, with his Staff, until June 30, when his two armies had gained such advantages over the Austrians, and were almost within reach of each other. He had stayed in his capital because that was the best centre from which the progress of both armies could be watched. At the opening of the contest he had issued an address, sufficiently resolute indeed, yet containing sentences which betrayed the reluctance, if not the misgivings, with which he entered on the campaign. It practically said, and he was quite in earnest, "I have done all I could to avert this calamity; that it should befall is not my fault." He could not lower Prussia again, as she was lowered at Olmütz, in the eyes of the world. But a passage in the address of the Crown Prince to his army most completely indicates his father's frame of mind. "With a heavy heart," he wrote—the words mean exactly what they say—"but with strong confidence as the spirit and valour of his army, the King has determined to do battle for the honour and independence of Prussia and for a new organisation of Germany on a powerful basis." That is the central thought. Quitting Berlin on June 30, King William was in the camp at Gitschin on July 2, and the next day was fought that famous battle of Königgrätz—also called Sadowa, from a village on the field—which decided the fate of Austria in Germany, and secured the triumph of Bismarck's policy. King William rode on to the scene just after the first sputter of cannon-shot had broken the morning's silence, and he came at once under fire. The Austrians opened from every point in their position, and threw shells up the opposite slope, one of them falling into the midst of a squadron of Uhlans "who were close beside the King." It is, indeed, recorded that at one point of the fight—and he was more than once in great peril—efforts were made to induce him to withdraw, among others by Bismarck himself, who was rebuffed that he never interfered again. King William thought that his place was among the soldiers who were also exposed to the loss of life. At a later period, when, indeed, the battle had been won and the Austrian cavalry and artillery were displaying that superb courage and devotion which showed their mettle and rendered such service to the retiring infantry, the King was very nearly involved in one of the desperate charges of these valiant Austrian horse. Still later, as the beaten army was still covered by the obstinate Austrian gunners, he was exposed to a very violent artillery fire for a long time. After the fight was over, he rode through the field to congratulate his troops, for he never forgot his "children," and they did not fail to show how they appreciated him. Then it is officially recorded that he met the Crown Prince in a meadow near Probus. They had won together the first battle which established, and they met again four years after upon another field which confirmed German Unity.

A month after the battle of Königgrätz the war was over: Austria, threatened in her capital, had agreed to sacrifice Lombardo-Venetia to Italy, the establishment of the Confederation of the North, and her own exclusion from any share in the government of Germany. The Emperor Napoleon, stunned by the rapid success of Prussia, had intervened as mediator, but the treaty of peace was signed by Austria and Prussia alone. Moreover, although the South German States were publicly left free and independent, Bismarck induced them to sign secret military treaties, placing their forces under the King of Prussia—treaties which he skilfully revealed the next year when France showed a strong desire to get possession of Luxemburg by purchase. King William had attained a great success with his army. New strength was brought to it by the annexation of Hanover and Hesse Cassel and the direct control of Saxony; and we have seen by citations from Colonel Stoffel's reports how constantly the King was engaged in making the most of this accession of numbers. Moreover, victory, and the exaltation of Prussia, reconciled the malcontents, who became National Liberals; and the King became, as he remained to the last, the most popular and venerated Sovereign on the Continent. But the finishing stroke to German unity had yet to be struck. There could be no security that Austria would not renew the struggle, especially as Von Beust, from Saxony, now Chancellor in Austria, renewed his personal strife with Bismarck, and, by way of preface, induced Francis Joseph to make the Hungarians his friends by becoming their crowned King. Louis Napoleon played a double game during the ensuing four years: he sought to extract concessions from "Prussia,"

and also endeavoured to form an alliance between France, Austria, and Italy to prevent German unity and obtain compensation. At the same time he entertained the Sovereigns of Europe in Paris at the great Exhibition, the Prussian King being one, and later he visited Salzburg to console with the Emperor of Austria, whose brother, Maximilian, had been executed in Mexico. The secret intrigues and public symptoms made the King and Von Moltke more than ever eager to improve and consolidate the German army, which, after the spring of 1867, was composed of all the German troops south as well as north of the Main, trained and organised on the Prussian model. So these two and Von Roon worked heartily together, while Bismarck took care of politics—no easy task, as he had very frequently and properly to convert the King to his prudent views. For it would be a mistake to regard the latter as in any degree a cipher. He said, in 1866, that he would abdicate, rather than not increase Prussian territory; and if he finally acquiesced in less than he wanted, the moderation was due to the Minister. For the King, though reluctant to begin a war, once in it, was slow to give up; yet when he had made a peace he desired to remain at peace, and it was only the knowledge that France, or rather Napoleon, was moving heaven and earth to form a strong combination against him and his work, that made the war of 1870 possible.

At the beginning of that year the situation was well defined. Russia, it was known—at least in Berlin—would be neutral; but ready to threaten Austria if she stirred. Austria was negotiating an alliance with Louis Napoleon; but she wanted a year to complete her preparations. Italy, or rather her King, was willing to fight on the side of France; but her statesmen would not agree unless Rome should be the price of participation. Germany was thoroughly prepared for any contingency, the King and his able soldiers having laid down and worked out all their plans to the minutest detail. The French Emperor had ordained a new Constitution, and the French army was in a transition stage, very imperfectly organised, and still less prepared for mobilisation. Suddenly, in the midst of peace, a Hohenzollern appeared as a candidate for the throne of Spain. The French Ministers lost their coolness, and precipitated a war. Full accounts have long been published, telling how M. Benedetti was hurried to Ems, there to demand explanations and revocations and promises for the future from the King. No one can read the reports of Benedetti himself without seeing how perfectly the King behaved. His courtesy and amiability extorted respect from the Envoy himself. Even when he was pressed to say that he would never consent to this and that, he preserved his urbane manner, and only broke off when Benedetti, acting on instructions, and against his judgment, carried persistence in demanding submission almost to the length of persecution. "If the King," wrote De Grammont, on July 10, "will not advise the Prince to renounce his design—well, it is war at once, and in a few days we shall be on the Rhine." How little did he know what he was doing.

Within little more than three weeks the German armies were on the Saar and the Lauter, and in thirty-five days after that despatch was written King William was on the battlefield of Borny, looking into Metz, while the army of his son the Crown Prince was pouring through the passes of the Vosges. Then followed those great marches and battles—Vionville, Gravelotte, Sedan—the fame of which has rung through the world; the capture of armies, the fall of the Empire, the siege of Paris, the death-wrestle of the Republican levies with the trained soldiers of Germany, the crowning of the King as Emperor in Versailles, the treaty which extorted milliards and two provinces, and the final establishment of United Germany. An eye-witness has left a vivid picture of the Monarch as he watched, from a hill above Flavigny, the beginning of Gravelotte. "The King's face," he wrote, "as he stood gazing on the battlefield, had something almost plaintive in it. He hardly said a word; but I observed that his attention was divided between the exciting scenes at a distance and the sad scenes nearer his feet, where they were just beginning to bury the French dead, who had fallen on August 16. On these he gazed silently, and, as I thought, sadly." Here we have the very man. Throughout this dramatic evolution the King bore himself as became him. He was more than once in the thick of the combats, and on one occasion, at Gravelotte, he was forcibly led out of fire by Von Roon. He watched from a height above Frenois the terrible and unequal battle of Sedan, and behaved so kindly to the captive Napoleon as to earn his good word. And when, as Emperor in Germany, he returned to Berlin, after the war, he was idolised by his subjects as no Emperor had ever been before.

Not that he passed through the succeeding years without a full share of those troubles which beset governing men, even when they are popular. The rise of the Socialist sect in Germany, and its adoption of assassination as an article of its creed, caused his life to be twice attempted after 1870; and once with what, in a less healthy man, might have been fatal results. It was after "seeing him in his blood" that Prince Bismarck, who had sometimes talked of resigning, "made a vow" that he would never quit his Master, as he called him, without his consent; and that he was never likely to obtain. There were moments, indeed, when foreign and even what may almost be called home intrigue nearly drove the Minister into retirement. Such were the hesitations and oppositions of the Catholic and the Particularist parties, which threw obstacles in his path, and the efforts of French and Russians to bring about a division between himself and his Sovereign. But these were from time to time overcome, and the Minister proved too many and too able for adversaries like the Duc Decazes and Prince Gortchakoff, while the Emperor William stood fast by his great servant.

Few things are more remarkable than the firm union between these two. For the King had a will and a way of his own; he was, of course, profoundly versed in the affairs of Europe, and his judgment, after due reflection, was sound. He did not always acquiesce at once in the policy propounded, but took time to weigh its advantages and disadvantages, and look at it on all sides; in fact, whatever advice he adopted he held himself responsible for it, just as much as if he had originated it. That he made evident upon more than one occasion, laying it down as a rule, not to be gainsaid, that he had a constitutional right to conduct, personally, the policy of his Government, and even denying that the counter-signature of Ministers, though called for, deprived his acts of their Royal and independent character. Prince Bismarck before and after 1866 and 1870 had to work hard in order to convince his master. That was notably the case in 1879. The Congress of Berlin modified the Treaty of San Stefano, and Russia showed an alarming disposition, for Prince Gortchakoff still carried on his war with Prince Bismarck, and Russian cavalry began to appear on the frontiers of Poland. It was then that the Chancellor worked with might and main to bring about an Austro-German alliance, and succeeded after much toil. The Austrian Statesmen fell in with it first; but it was only with some reluctance that the Emperor William gave his sanction, because, while recognising the necessity of the step, he felt that it looked as if it were inspired by mistrust of Alexander II., his nephew, whose friendship he could not doubt. That is one evidence, but there are others which need not be described. They all

show that the Emperor was a direct factor in his Government, and so he remained to the end.

That end came in painful circumstances. The Emperor during the last year had been ill more than once, but he soon recovered, and went to work as assiduously as ever. In the autumn came a new trial, the discovery of a grave malady in the throat of the Crown Prince, now the Emperor Frederick III., and the fact, as well as the separation rendered necessary, added to the tragic character of the Emperor William's last hours. A few days ago, on March 6, he once more had a fainting fit, such as had preceded his previous attacks, and although he retained consciousness, and even rallied a little later, he never recovered. Prince William, his grandson, now Imperial Highness, returned from his father at San Remo, and the Emperor on the 7th, though very weak, saw and conversed with him for a long time, and a touching interview it must have been when the aged Sovereign, as may be imagined, imparted his last counsels to the young man. The next day the Grand Duke of Baden and his wife, who is the daughter of the late Emperor, were beside the old man they so much revered. Naturally, William I. referred in affectionate tones to the loss they had lately sustained, and, as the official account says, he "spoke of the Crown Prince and of his own sick, nay almost death, bed." Then he asked for the Chancellor, who was at hand, and with him discussed business, and did not forget, as he never would, to say how grateful he was for his great services; laying his hand on his shoulder, and saying, "Thou hast done well." Others came, notably Von Moltke and the Minister of War; and while he held the hand of the Empress Augusta, and the doctor supported him, the Court chaplain read from the Holy Book words which went to the heart of the dying man. In the final scene on Friday morning last, when the Duchess of Baden asked him if he did not feel tired and would not like to rest, he said, "I have no time at present to be tired." He once more called up Von Moltke, and had a long talk with Prince William. Naturally, his thoughts continually reverted to San Remo; and his latest words expressed a yearning affection for his son. "I should have liked," he sighed, "to have lived to embrace once more Fritz, my dear Fritz." And so he passed away, firm, loving, and faithful to the last. Outside, the thronging crowd stood in deep silence—emblem of a nation mourning for a great ruler.

He died in a reclining position, supported by pillows, and clothed in white. Above his simple soldier's bedstead was a crucifix, and opposite to him the bust of his mother, the beloved Queen Louisa. When he had expired, a long train of sorrowing relatives, soldiers, officers of State, and servants went sorrowing through the room, while a painter sketched the scene, and a modeller prepared to take a cast of the departed hero and statesman.

Not less impressive was the scene in the Reichstag, where Prince Bismarck, pale from long watching in the Palace, delivered a brief, simple, and touching speech. He announced the death of William I. and the accession of Frederick III., who, he said, would leave San Remo on Saturday. Then he produced a document signed by the Emperor, empowering him to close the Reichstag. "I had begged his Majesty," said the Prince, "to sign only with his initials; but to this he replied by saying he thought he could still write his full name, and consequently there now lies before me this historical document bearing his Majesty's last signature." How characteristic of the unfaltering worker, the man who never neglected a duty, that he should persist in signing at length! The document goes to the archives, and precious will it be. In the few weighty words spoken by Bismarck, his reference to the recent votes of millions and of additional men for the army will strike all as significant. He said that the Emperor, looking back on his life's work, felt that his satisfaction on his death-bed was "greatly due to the fact that within the last few weeks, by a rare unanimity of all the Dynasties, of all the Federal Governments, of all the races of Germany, and of all the sections of the Reichstag, the nation passed a resolution securing the future of the German Empire from all the perils which threatened it." Only the day before, that is the 8th, had the Emperor mentioned how this proof of unity had "overjoyed and strengthened him." As Bismarck departed he was joined by Von Moltke, and these two were the centre of a throng eager to look on the last signature of the Emperor "who founded Germany's Unity."

From San Remo came a telegram to Prince Bismarck, signed "Friedrich," sent in "the moment of deepest sorrow." "I express to you," he said, "and to the Ministry of State my thanks for the devotion and fidelity with which you have all served him, and count upon the support of all of you in the heavy task which awaits me." It is noteworthy that the Emperor Frederick prescribes "no directions in regard to the national mourning which is customary," but leaves every German to express his grief in his own way, a clear indication of the reciprocal confidence which exists between the new ruler and his people. So has ended the long and noble career of William I., the final scene, in its simple grandeur, being in complete harmony with a life which had been really spent in serving the nation, with a single eye to what the servant considered to be the welfare of all. But it was in 1870 that he founded the Unity, now so dear to a long-divided people.

He survived that great achievement of his life for seventeen years; and it is eminently characteristic of him that to the last moment, so long as he was able, he never neglected the performance of his arduous duties. That is the example he has set to Kings—thoroughness and industry. The bonds which united him to his chief helpers were never severed; but grew stronger year after year, except in the case of Von Roon, and then only by death. He was more beloved as his age increased, for everyone came to know his kindly, equitable, and trustworthy character, so that he had a unique place among the Continental Sovereigns of the nineteenth century—an altogether astonishing spectacle in a democratic age. Firm he was, severe, but never cruel or harsh, and always eminent in that quality which is said to mark the gentleman—consideration for others. His merits as a just King are obvious; his talents as a great captain can hardly be known except to Von Moltke, whose military genius towered above and overshadowed that of his Sovereign. But it may be said of him that he had the art, rare in Monarchs, of choosing the best men and keeping them—no light testimony to the soundness of his judgment. When he was, like others of his rank, the target of assassins, he took, or his servants took for him, wise precautions; but he bore no malice and was not soured against his kind. So he lived, doing his duty daily, and saw not only grandchildren, but great-grandchildren growing up around him. Even in the severe affliction which fell upon his old age—the malady, perhaps fatal malady, of his beloved son—he showed his fortitude, and kept steadily in view the duties of his lofty station. Although no man is indispensable, yet, now that he has passed away, his country, which he united, and all Europe, are conscious that a strong and noble man has departed, leaving a place which it will be hard to fill, as he filled it, from 1858 to 1888, more than a quarter of a century, as Regent, as King, and as Emperor.

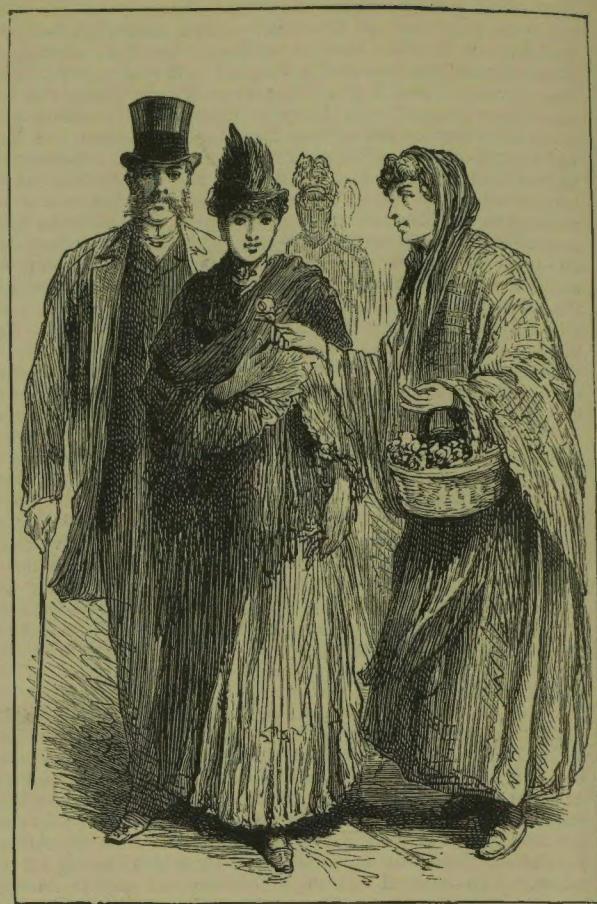
GEORGE HOOPER.

THE DEATH OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR, WILLIAM I., KING OF PRUSSIA.

SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. W. SIMPSON.



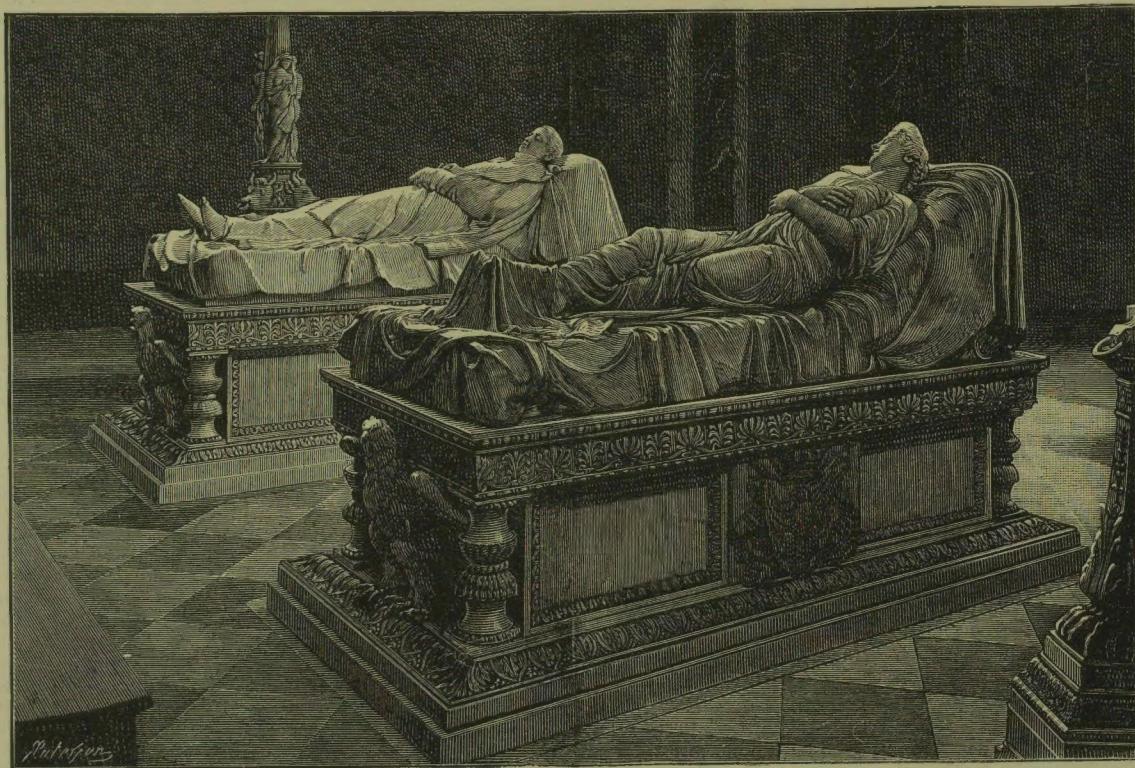
THE LATE EMPEROR'S MORNING-ROOM IN THE PALACE, BERLIN.



SELLING MOURNING FLOWERS IN THE UNTER DEN LINDEN.

The following account of the late Emperor's last moments will be read with interest, as it is understood to come from the Court Chaplain, Dr. Kögel, who was called in to administer Christian consolation to his Majesty:—

Up to his last hours the Emperor conversed freely, and even frequently tried to express himself jocosely, as of old. When, for example, he was asked if a glass of champagne was to his liking, he replied: "Well, yes; but there have been times when it has tasted better." On Thursday, March 8, he spoke of the general political situation, and said impressively to Prince William: "If anyone were treacherously to attack us, I should unhesitatingly draw the sword with the Emperor Francis Joseph, and fight to the last." The Court Chaplain visited his Majesty that evening, and repeated to him a few verses of the Psalms, of the prophecies of Isaiah, and of the Gospels and Epistles, but at intervals, so that the Emperor's strength might not be overtaxed. Verses were also read from Lutheran Church hymns, including one of the Emperor's favourite verses. The Grand Duchess of Baden asked her father if he had understood what had been said. He gave an affirmative reply by repeating the last words, "Mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." In one of the pauses the Emperor remarked quite spontaneously, "God has helped me with His name." At another time he said, like one dreaming, "We are going to have a devotional hour together." Then, after an interval, he explained, on coming to himself, "I have had a dream; it was the last ceremony in the Cathedral." He evidently had in mind the picture of his own obsequies. At four o'clock on Friday morning Court Chaplain Kögel offered up a prayer, and read Psalm xxvii, "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?" The Grand Duchess of Baden again asked,—"Papa, do you understand?" The expressive answer was, "It was beautiful." Upon this the Emperor's daughter inquired, "Do you know that Mamma is sitting by your bed and holding your hand?" At these words the dying Emperor opened his eyes, and turned them for a long time upon his mournful consort. When he



THE ROYAL MAUSOLEUM AT CHARLOTTENBURG, THE LATE EMPEROR'S BURIAL PLACE.



MONUMENT OF THE LATE EMPEROR'S MOTHER, QUEEN LOUISA OF PRUSSIA,

IN THE ROYAL MAUSOLEUM AT CHARLOTTENBURG.

closed them again it was for ever. Thus his last looks were given to his wife. The approach of death being unmistakable, the Court Chaplain pronounced a benediction upon his expiring Sovereign. When life had left the frail body, the Imperial family knelt down, and Dr. Kögel offered up a prayer in which he thanked God for His goodness in preserving so long the life of the Emperor, and in redeeming him and taking his spirit to Himself. He commended Prussia and the Empire, the Empress, and all members of the Imperial family, with their relatives, to the Divine care.

Our Special Artist, Mr. W. Simpson, went to Berlin immediately on the news of the late Emperor's death, and will furnish Illustrations of the scenes of Court and public mourning, and of the funeral ceremonies. The body of the venerable Monarch will be deposited in the Royal Mausoleum of the Kings of Prussia at Charlottenburg, after lying in State at the Domkirche, or Cathedral in Berlin, to which it was removed from the Palace on the night of Monday, March 12. Among the sepulchral monuments in the Royal Mausoleum is that of the late Emperor's mother, Queen Louisa of Prussia, wife of King Frederick William III, one of the most heroic women of her time; who, during the war against Napoleon I, after the defeat of Jena, when Berlin was occupied by French troops, lived with her children at Königsberg in much poverty, and braved the insults and threats of the conqueror, while she laboured for years to arouse German patriotism to fresh efforts to cast out the foreign invader. Queen Louisa, who was a Princess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, died in July, 1810; both her sons, the elder who afterwards became King Frederick William IV., and the second, who succeeded his brother as King William I. of Prussia, stood beside her death-bed. The Royal family had been enabled to return to Berlin only six months before, after leaving it in 1806, when the war had broken out. These youthful experiences of Prince William, with the example of his mother, and that of his father, at whose side he fought in 1813, must have influenced the mind of the late Emperor, and may have contributed to his lifelong zeal for German national unity.